

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 29, 1973 60 CENTS

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Next week

HOT TOES haven't made the six-point play absolute, but in the NFL they are boosting more field goals and scoring fewer touchdowns. Tex Maule feels the fans have a kick coming.

THE NEW KIDS of the National Hockey League are out on the rinks in record numbers—and at record salaries. A gallery of the best, with a close look at the NHL's No. 1 pick.

THREE BULL ELK crash the early-morning quiet in parkly flight across a ridge on the Bitterroot Mountains. One dies there in the new snow Robert F. Jones describes the buzz.

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The last time Jeannette Bruce's picture appeared in these pages (Jan. 19, 1970) she was perched on a cardboard crescent of a moon, 30 feet above the ice in Madison Square Garden. After all, what more suitable spot for a writer having a guest shot as the Ice Capades' Moon Maiden? And what better candidate for such an uncommon role than Bruce, who this week is seen in spectral company? Bruce has been out chasing ghosts—the sporting variety—and writing a Halloween ghost story, which begins on page 104.

She read a book about ghosts, became fascinated and started a search for domestic examples. A track in Maryland was said to be haunted by a horse named Troublemaker, dead since 1932, but when she asked around, she could find no one who had ever heard of him. Some thing with the two long-dead figure skaters who haunted the rink in New York's Central Park. And that was the way it went for her with American ghosts. New England had sailors and sea captains and the South had old plantations astrid with the spirits of slave days. But of sporting wreaths she found none—especially no basketball, football, baseball types. "Those games are too young," Bruce concluded. "It takes time for a spook to mature."

So she went to Britain, which turned out to be a ghostly paradise. She found a card-playing ghost there, and the ghosts of a horse trainer, a motorcycle racer, a cricket player, a bowler and a bicyclist, and the ghost of a fencing Jew. In the process the hairs on the back of her neck got a good workout.

Once while she was talking on the phone, there was a knock on her hotel door. But when she opened it no one was there. In Commara, Ireland, she checked in at Renville House for a one-night stay despite being warned that certain rooms were "uncomfortable" because of foul deeds that had been committed on the premises centuries before. At 5 a.m., still wide awake, she got dressed and hit the road.

"When I started this I was skeptical," she says now, "but after reading 28 books on ghosts and psychic experiences and going over there and talk-



BRUCE (LEFT) AND GHOSTLY FRIEND

ing to people I became a believer. There are some things we just don't understand."

Well, there are some things about Jeannette Bruce we just don't understand, such as how she manages to disappear on assignment for months at a stretch. But the stories she produces, ah, those we understand. Since descending from the moon, for example, Bruce has rumbled through Nepal on an elephant and been rescued at 15,000 feet by one of the Dalai Lama's horses. In Timbuktu she was aboard a camel, of course, and back home she soloed in a balloon that crashed into a tree. What a life.

"I really enjoy these things so much," she says. "I lose myself so completely I forget I'm supposed to be writing a story. Did you ever try writing while you're sitting on the back of a camel?"

Her next project is typical Bruce. In November she will fly to South America and board a three-masted square-rigger in Valparaiso, Chile, for a month-long trip around Cape Horn. Everyone aboard will work as a crew member. It will not be a pleasure cruise, she says, with slight apprehension. But we are betting it will be a story.

Sack Meyer

If you think...



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Emphysema is the wife of Ali Baba...

The left ventricle stands to the left of the middle linebacker...

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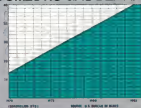
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Demand is increasing tremendously. But the number of new wells drilled has steadily declined. Now the government is beginning to help by making possible more adequate financial return to justify producers' risk in drilling. Gas is there, but now we have to drill deeper to get it. Both on land and under the sea.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BURYLE

THE GREATEST MONTH

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood afloat," wrote poet Bliss Carman, and his words most surely apply to the sporting scene. Of all the months of the year, none can match October in richness and variety. For anglers and hunters and hikers, it is a time to rejoice afield. For more sedentary sorts, October means the World Series, pro football, college football, pro basketball and hockey. To keep up with the rush of events, last Saturday radio station WSYR in Syracuse, N.Y. broadcast the Syracuse-Penn State football game, No. 6 of the Series, the New York Knicks vs. the Chicago Bulls, and a hockey encounter between the Syracuse Blazers and the Maine Nordiques. In an individual effort to get the best of the October glut, a duck hunter, John Vargo of Verplanck, N.Y., who sometimes fishes from his blind, has thought of bringing along a transistor radio to tune in between bites and birds. A clever solution, perhaps, but the real answer, as far as we are concerned, would be to find some way to save one week in October to dole out in February.

MONEY TO PLAY WITH

Indianapolis will become the 14th member of the World Hockey Association next year. Big deal, you might say. Interesting deal is more like it. Indiana Pro Sports Management, Inc., a subsidiary of the company that owns the NBA Pacers, originally wanted a National Hockey League franchise and eventually applied last year when ground was broken for a new downtown arena. After the franchises went to Washington, D.C. and Kansas City, Indy Pro Sports went after Charles L. Inley's California Angels. Charlie O., who lives in La Porte, was eager for the deal and planned to switch this year, when the NHL vetoed the operation in mid-summer. With that, IPS turned to the WHA.

"There were a number of reasons," says Chuck DeVoe, president of the company. "Timing, economics and the abil-

ity for us to build a competitive club much more quickly than in the NHL. With our new arena opening in 1974, it was imperative that we have a hockey team by then. And frankly, the WHA seemed to be much more businesslike and aggressive than the NHL. There are significant differences in costs. The last franchises granted by the NHL went for \$6 million. Our WHA franchise cost a little over \$2 million. That gives us \$4 million to go after hockey players. Obviously, we are going to sign the best players available regardless of where they are."

VOICES IN THE RIGGING

If you dig weird hallucinations, you don't need LSD to generate them. Just try sailing single-handed from Plymouth, England to Newport, R.I. That, at least, is the burden of an article in *The Lancet*, one of Britain's leading medical journals, analyzing the experiences of 34 competitors in the 1972 single-handed transatlantic yacht race sponsored by the London Observer. The yachtsmen ranged in age from 26 to 57 and in occupation from naval officer to bank manager, including a dentist, a croquet, a newspaper publisher and a band leader. Since the single-handed sailor must be constantly alert to weather changes and other craft, most of the competitors allowed themselves only short snatches of sleep. Thus it did not take long for the combination of tension, loneliness and fatigue to begin conjuring up images.

"Eventually," said one, "there was no difference between sleeping and waking. You went about in a kind of 'sleep-wake.' " A multilingual Polish yachtsman solved the loneliness problem by carrying on conversations with himself in different languages. Another recorded in his log, "Usual voices in the rigging—calling 'Bill, Bill, rather high pitched. Dreams of people and boats." Another man was lying in his bunk when he heard someone topside putting his 52-foot trimaran about on the opposite tack. As he headed up the passageway to inves-

igate, a spectral sailor hustled past him. The boat had indeed come about and was on the correct course.

But not all the spooks were friendly. "For instance," says *The Lancet*, "a very weary sailor was close to the Belgian coast and saw two men on the shore beckoning him and pointing to the harbour entrance. He did not go in for some reason but anchored offshore. In the morning he woke after a long sleep to find only rocks along that stretch of coast." Shades of the Lorelei, British style.

LET'S DANCE

Separated by more than half the continent, the University of Maryland basketball team and the Wyoming football team have one thing in common—use of dance to help reduce injury. It started last spring at Wyoming when All-Western Athlete, Conference Cornerback Fritz Turner took ballet as a fun course. He became such a balletomane that other defensive backs started taking lessons under the direction of his teacher, Joy Deadrick. "After watching Fritz take



ballet and seeing what it did for him, we decided to have everyone take it," says Defensive Backfield Coach Leon Burnett. "To carry it one step further, we've gone completely to flexibility exercises instead of calisthenics. It's worked out well so far. We haven't had any pulled muscles, which is very unusual for a defen-

continued

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sive secondary." Turner also finds ballet techniques most helpful in covering a receiver. "The biggest thing is to be able to come back to the ball when a receiver cuts," he says. "There's a technique called a turning, which means you spread your hips more or less, and that really helps you come back fast to the ball."

Last week at Maryland, the Schaumann, a petite private teacher of modern dance, worked out with the basketball team at the invitation of Assistant Coach Howard White, an enthusiast. After some joking the players didn't mind imitating her movements, as Tom McMillen, the All-America forward, remarked, "I've had a lot of this before through karate lessons." Miss Schaumann would like to work with the players about twice a week, the coach, controversial Lefty Driesell, is adopting a wait-and-see approach.

DEFLATED

The hands were playing, cheerleaders were bouncing around, the loudspeaker was blaring, vendors were hawking programs and a crowd of 5,000 football fans was on hand in Waynesburg, Pa. for the game between Waynesburg and California State College. It was a gorgeous day, and everyone was there who was supposed to be there—except the officials. In a slipup, the regional commissioner's office had failed to notify those who were to work the game. The game was called off.

LIGHT ON THE BLACKOUT

The commissioner of the Canadian Football League, Jake Gaudaur, is candid when he talks about his sport. "If we lifted our TV blackouts, our sport couldn't stand up to it," Gaudaur told Jim Goffu of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. "The argument against going to a game when it is on TV is very strong. You don't have to sit out in the rain and cold. You don't have to arrange for baby-sitters and you don't have transportation problems getting there and going home."

"TV puts the fans on the midfield stripe," Gaudaur continued, "and he gets the chance to see the replays—something he doesn't get at the game. The fans have become more sophisticated and more and more demanding of comfort. The [U.S.] government has declared that football must give its product away. I believe it is an interim step that will lead to all games being on television regardless of home attendance."

FOR KICKS

The junior varsity teams of Georgia Tech and Florida experimented with kickoffs from their respective 30-yard lines in Atlanta Friday night after Tech Athletic Director Bobby Dodd had received permission from the NCAA to try it.

There were no major effects of the change in the game, won by Tech 21-10, neither team ran back a kickoff for a touchdown but no kick made the end zone, either. Dodd is of the opinion that the soccer-style kickers who can knock the ball out of the end zone are actually hurting football. "One of the prettiest plays in the game, the kickoff return, has been taken out of college and pro football, and it has taken out a lot of the excitement with it," he says.

Dodd also says the receiving team, especially when it has just been scored upon, should be able to start from farther upfield than the 20. "As it is right now," he claimed, "when a team is so deep in its own territory, it runs three plays and then punts. It is very hesitant to try to pass when it's that deep. I don't feel the team that just got scored on should be penalized with bad field position, and that's what's happening with the 40-yard-line kick."

Florida JV Coach Jack Hall agreed that the change had merits. "When the other team kicks off from the 30, you should be able to get the ball back at least to your own 30, and that would make the game more interesting. I'm glad now we tried it."

Both Dodd and Tech JV Coach Dick Bestwick also felt it might be even better to move kickoffs to the 35. Said Dodd, "Maybe it should be the 35 for the colleges and the 30 for the pros." He now wants to try it in a varsity game. Sounds like a fine idea.

COMEBACK

Good news for the pals of the peregrine! Researchers at Cornell University believe they have whupped the pesticide problem that has reduced the falcon to an endangered species throughout the United States. The problem, of course, is that peregrines and other predatory birds at the top of the food chain have been getting so much DDT and other hard pesticides in their natural food that their eggs become thin-shelled and often break before hatching. Starting in the spring of 1971, Cornell's Peregrine Fund birdmen began an attempt at raising them. Their

breeding stock, which now numbers 38 birds, is housed in the "hawk barn," a two-story, 220-foot-long building that looks out through wire onto woods.

Fed entirely on "clean food"—mainly chickens and quail which themselves have had no pesticides in their diets—the falcons mate in their artificial aeries and scratch out their "scraps" in the gravel of the ledges. The female produces from three to five pinkish-tan, brown-flecked, chicken-sized eggs. By removing the eggs each time a clutch is laid it is possible to get the birds to "recycle" and lay again. Three breeding pairs this spring produced 26 normal-shelled eggs, from which 20 chicks were raised.

"With the DDT ban in effect nationally," says Dr. Tom Cade, the fund's director, "the environment is cleaning itself up more quickly than we had anticipated. We hope to begin releasing birds this spring, and if our field tests on the feasibility of this method of artificial breeding work out, I think we can have the peregrine firmly reestablished in eastern North America by 1980." The technique will work only if the environment remains relatively free of pesticides, and the only fly in the ointment is that a major proportion of the birds migrate each winter to Latin America, where DDT is used copiously. But that fact is countered by the success Cade and his co-workers have had with the peregrine and other birds of prey, including the prairie falcon, red-tailed hawk, goshawk, Harris's hawk and even the golden eagle. Keep 'em flying, Dr. Cade.

THEY SAID IT

• Phil DeLuca, associate warden at Colorado State Reformatory, after five inmates disappeared from the cafeteria of Colorado College and two other prisoners failed to make the bus back to jail following the prison team's defeat 67-0: "I think the program has ceased for the time being."

• Dick Butkus, Chicago Bear linebacker, speaking at a Monday morning quarterback meeting: "Mirro Roder is going to be the best field-goal kicker in the league in a year or two. Well, so much for our offense."

• Lee Corso, Indiana University football coach, asked where the future of his staunch safety Quinn Buckner lay, since he plays basketball and football with equal brilliance: "I think it's in economics."

END



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MUTINY AND A BOUNTY

Despite a disgruntled crew and a deserting skipper, Oakland won the swag in a tempestuous World Series

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

No complete game pitched by either side. More men left on base than ever before in a World Series. Hitters striking out in staggering numbers. Men tracking batted balls with all the dexterity of soldiers crawling through a minefield. The winning manager quitting a world championship team before the first sip of champagne. The best player in the tournament having to defend himself against an overexuberant fan with two out in the final inning.

It was that kind of crazy Series. Last Sunday afternoon the Oakland A's, a mutinous baseball team, mercifully ended it by giving a 5-2 beating to the New York Mets, the club that had limped in with a record just shading the high side of .500. But while hardly an artistic triumph, it was indubitably the A's second consecutive championship and the fourth in six years for the much maligned American League, and that should lower the altitude of the National League's high horse.

For the third October in a row the Series had gone to a seventh game, and for the third October in a row it confounded lovers of the predictable. If New York's pitching was admirable, as expected, the Mets fielded so poorly at times that one wondered if a spell had been cast on their fatuous gloves. On the other hand, the Mets were not supposed to outlast the A's—but they did, .253 to .207. Even so, they had a line of frustrating innings almost beyond belief, over one stretch New York left runners on base in 30 of 34 innings. Oakland, which during the past two seasons had

hit more home runs than any other American League team, sent 218 men to the plate before finally getting a ball out of the park in the deciding game.

Poorly played though it was overall, the 70th Series produced some dramatic defensive plays in addition to its comic highlights. Oakland's excellent leftfielder, Joe Rudi, made a month's worth of startling catches in a week and New York Shortstop Bud Harrelson played his position as well as it can be played.

But not until the fifth game did the Series get out from under its zany peripheral activities and permit a viewer to concentrate on the Rudis and the Harrelsons—in short, on baseball. The A's resembled a soap-opera troupe, and Charles O. Finley, the jolly green gawgaw who owns them, exhibited all his fanciful charm and grace. At one stage an Oakland player was asked if he had talked to Finley recently. "No, not at all," he said. "Every time I call him he's out walking his pet rat."

Last week's events occurred in settings as different from one another as, well, night from day. First came the three-game Shea Stadium, or chulblain, phase in New York. Unlike many National League ball parks built in the 1960s and '70s, Shea has developed a special character—and a highly controversial one at that. Critics say the seats are too far from

the field, the spectators raucous and their actions contrived. Others find it a lively place with a certain bubble-gum charm that appeals to the young. It has been rudely neglected by its landlord, the City of New York. "The infield is in terrible shape," says Met Third Baseman Wayne Garrett. "The ground crew works as hard as it can, but no money is put into it. The infield is sinking. Everybody knows that the grass part of an infield is supposed to be higher than the dirt part. Here it's the other way around. Unless you get a ball on a long hop you're in trouble. I've found myself actually shaking out there."

In late September sharp winds whip in off nearby Flushing Bay and then Shea is a Candlestick Park East. Balls get caught in the swirling breezes and become extremely difficult to track. The cold, particularly in the upper seats, makes spectating an uncomfortable chore. That's in September. October is worse. Games Three, Four and Five of the Series began at Shea at 8:30 p.m. on October 16, 17 and 18 because Commissioner Bowie Kuhn did exactly what the National Broadcasting Company told him to do—start them late to get a high television rating. That decision was made long ago, seemingly without research into weather conditions or concern for the paying fans. Late-evening temperatures at Shea for these dates figure to be in the frosty 50s, as indeed they were last

continued

The moment that clinched the Series: Reggie Jackson eyes the arc of his prodigious homer





WORLD SERIES *continued*

week. Average temperatures in other National League cities where the Series might have been played have also been woefully low. Even in southerly St. Louis a fan going to a mid-October night game would have to dress for fiftyish weather.

But come frost or high infelds the Mets get a lift from their adoring fans. "I'll be sitting in the dugout," says Pitcher Jerry Koosman, "and the crowds will get going and I'll feel a chill up and down my spine."

The Mets have shivered spines for extended periods only three times in their existence. Each time they used Shea almost to perfection. In 1969 they won 100 games and their first pennant. That season they won 29 of their final 34 games at Shea. A year ago they looked like the best team in the National League during April and May before being struck by a series of injuries. Again this year the Mets took advantage of their native heath by winning 17 of their last 23 home games, rising from last place on Aug. 30 to the top of the disheveled East in the race that ended Oct. 1.

The Mets and A's came into Shea

Norfolk of the North visits shivery Shea



Rusty Staub personally routed the A's in Game Four by driving in five of the Mets' six runs.

ted 1-1 after a game in which Oakland's Mike Andrews had made two conspicuous errors. Before the A's left Oakland, Finley browbeat Andrews into signing a medical report that Finley hoped would put him on the disabled list and allow Manny Trillo, ineligible because he was not a member of the team on Sept. 1, to be activated.

Andrews has a faulty glove, very limited range and a throwing arm that has been sore for several seasons. Mike Andrews making an error is not a novelty. The fact that Manager Dick Williams had him in the game at second base from the ninth inning through the 12th was the basic mistake. Andrews took the criticism for his misplays, but his manager was more than partly guilty, because of his own blunder. By tinkering with his second basemen—a well-documented Williams obsession—he ended up with the wrong man in the wrong place at exactly the wrong time.

By demeaning Mike Andrews, Finley brought on open rebellion, the logical progression for a team that has never deluded itself about being a happy ship. "Black or white doesn't make a bit of

difference to Charlie Finley," said Reggie Jackson. "All people are the same color to him. Green."

The A's worked out at Shea with Andrews' No. 17 taped to their uniforms as a sign of sympathy with him. By then he was back home in Peabody, Mass. Although Kuhn refused to let Finley "disable" Andrews, the affair was getting bigger than the playing of the games. "For the sake of baseball," said Joe Rudi, "I would like to see the tension put back in the World Series, where it belongs."

There was tension aplenty in Game Three, which at the outset matched Tom Seaver against Jim (Catfish) Hunter, ace vs. ace. New York scored two runs in the first inning on a long, high home run by Garrett to right field and a wild pitch by the Catfish. Then the Mets started leaving runners on the bases in large and ultimately costly clumps. In 10 of the 11 innings at least one man was stranded. Meanwhile Seaver struck out nine Oakland batters in the first five innings, getting everyone except Rudi at least once and Jackson twice.

At the start of the sixth Seaver got a

very difficult out when Rudi drove a pitch to right center. Don Hahn chased the ball to the wall, leaped and pulled it back into the ball park. Sal Bando, the next batter, pounded a Seaver pitch over Hahn's head in straightaway center field. Hahn seemed bewildered. Hahn was bewildered. He admitted later that he was confused by the outfield, which had new dimensions because of damage to the turf by vandalistic Met fans following victory over Cincinnati in the National League playoffs. More than 1,000 square feet of turf had been moved from the outfield to the infield to cover bare spots. The warning track in the outfield was thus made two or three feet wider than it had been, and, as Hahn chased Bando's drive, that change affected his stride and judgment. Hahn reached the warning track and then pulled up when he got to where it normally would have come to the fence.

"I was playing deep, but not deep enough," Hahn said. "I played the warning track. What should have been, wasn't. The ball dropped for a double. After the game Seaver told me he knew about the field being changed, but forgot to tell me about it."

Vic Davalillo singled Bando home to narrow the Mets' lead to 2-1 and in the eighth inning Bert Campaneris singled, stole second and scored on a single by Rudi that Met First Baseman John Milner played so poorly he was unable to block the ball to keep it in the infield. The A's won 3-2 in the 11th when Ted Kubiak walked, got to second base on a passed ball by Catcher Jerry Grote and scored on a single by Campaneris. When New York threatened in its part of the 11th, Williams brought Reliever Rollie Fingers into the game. As he got the side out he was also adding to a remarkable statistic: the A's had been in 10 World Series games in two years and now Fingers had appeared in nine of them. Indeed, by coming on in the final three games Fingers tied a Series record for appearances by a reliever.

The best-pitched game of the Series came next as Jon Matlack held the A's to three hits over eight innings and beat them 6-1, despite the closer-in support of the A's wives. Rellegated to faraway seats in terrible Shea for their safety the previous night, they had demanded, and won, field boxes.

When the Mets traded Nolan Ryan to California, it was Matlack who replaced him as a Met starter. Rookie of the Year



Fisley raised a flag for himself. Shea raised the curtains for the return of Mike Andrews.

in 1972, Matlack won 14 games this season. For the past month and a half he had been the Mets' finest starting pitcher, at 23 a man of poise and purpose. "People write that I am the best pitcher in baseball," says Seaver, "and I'm flattered, but it won't be too long before they will be saying that about Jon Matlack. He is getting faster all the time."

No stranger to adversity, Matlack dropped out of college in order to help support the family when his father was ill. This season he was struck on the head by a line drive. The ball had been hit so hard that it wound up in the Met dugout. And though Matlack was destined to be pounded in Game Seven, oh how he shone at home.

Matlack had pitched well in the opening Series game only to lose 2-1, on two unearned runs. His performance in Game Four was even better, running his recent record to one earned run allowed in 40 innings. And this time the Mets got him some runs for a pleasant change. Three came in the first inning when sore-shouldered Rusty Staub followed singles by Garrett and Felix Millan with a home run hit on a lofty parabola over the boards in left-center field. Staub drove in two more runs with a fourth-inning single, but his throwing arm was a constant source of worry, still so wobbly from a crash into the wall in the playoffs that he could only throw underhanded.

One of the zaniest scenes in Series history occurred in the eighth inning when

continued

Outraged by relegation to faraway seats, the A's wives got effolcar facelifts—and cap covers.





WORLD SERIES *continued*

Andrews, fresh in from Peabody, was sent up to pinch-hit. As he walked to the on-deck circle the crowd of 54,817 spotted his No. 17 and commenced cheering. When Andrews went to the plate the crowd rose. The man was hitting .000 at the time and fielding exactly the same. After Andrews bounced out, the crowd rose again, and nobody seemed to be applauding him more fiercely than two men standing in the executive box-seat section to the left of the Met dugout. One was Warren Giles, president emeritus of the National League. The other was Charles Feeney, the league's current president.

"The ovations made me feel good," said Andrews afterward. "I don't think I ever had one before in my life. It gave me chills. I didn't think of anything, it just made me happy. Maybe the public was supporting my position. Maybe it's the little guy rebelling against the boss."

By the time the fifth game started another problem faced Charles O. Finley. His manager apparently was going to

quit on him despite a contract extending through the 1975 season. Rumors circulated that Williams would become the next manager of the New York Yankees. The abrupt exit is not unknown in Oakland. This year three ticket managers quit and the entire switchboard staff at the Oakland Coliseum walked out. When Williams appeared on the field in the third inning of Game Five, an up-to-the-minute Met placard-waver lifted a new one high into the October night. YANK-KEE GO HOME, it said.

All the A's were eager to go home after what happened to them in the game. They came very close to being stopped without a hit and the three they did manage to get were suspect. Campaneris blooped a single to short center in the third inning and in the fourth Bando got a hit when his bounce jumped up over Garrett's head at third and off his glove; Harrelson came sweeping over from shortstop and caught the ball in the air to prevent Bando from advancing into scoring position. The next man was Jackson, who was to be held to one hit in 12 Shea at-bats. He lashed the ball hard into a double play. Oakland's third hit came in the seventh inning when Ray Fosse doubled past Garrett, who made a futile swipe at the ball, a gesture known to Chicago fans in years past as "the Zeke Borsara salute."

New York got only two runs off starter Vida Blue, who braved the cold in a short-sleeved shirt, but these were suffi-

cient as Jerry Koosman and then Tug McGraw gave the A's short shift.

McGraw, New York's animated bullpen specialist, had a terrible time during the early months of the season but then came on in spectacular fashion. In 17 appearances he had picked up four wins and 12 saves. "Tug McGraw," said Jackson after the game. "The man's a star. He gets extra energy from somewhere."

When the Series returned to Oakland for the concluding games the frenetic atmosphere dissipated. No one was happier than Jackson, the vaunted slugger whose hat had fallen strangely ill. "I missed the Series last year because of an injury," recalled Jackson, "and there were nights when I cried because I couldn't play. This time there has been such an undercurrent of animosity and turmoil that the Series has been tarnished. I wanted to slide and run and hit and get dirty, but the little boy in me was taken out by all the nonsense in New York. Nobody seemed to care anything about the players, just all that other stuff."

Well, sir, the little boy in Jackson had himself a time in Game Six. A double in the first to score Joe Rud. A double in the third to score Sal Bando. A single in the eighth, which he stretched to a three-bagger when the Mets' Hahn lost the ball in center field. And after that he scored a run himself on a fly by Jesus Alou. A's 3, Mets 1.

Hunter again had faced off against

The Mets' pitching peregrina at Shea were the ambobase reliever Tug McGraw and two string starters, Jon Matlack and Jerry Koosman.



Seaver, and after Catfish had extricated himself from a two-on, one-out situation in the first inning, he was just splendid. As for Staub, the hitting hero of Game Four, it was his turn to know the agonies of frustration. Fielding Jackson's hit in the third, he had to flip an underhand relay to Millan. What should have been a close play, possibly an out, was an easy Oakland run.

It was Staub at the plate in the eighth with runners on first and third and the A's leading by only 2-1—and the red-haired one went down on three swinging strikes at pitches thrown by the ubiquitous Darold Knowles, who was making his sixth relief appearance in six games. Fingers then came on again and got the final outs.

Seaver was removed for a pinch hitter in the eighth. "This was not Tom Seaver on ability, but Tom Seaver on heart," said Jackson. "He wasn't as fast as he had been in New York."

Thus the Series was sent to its final game on Sunday, when Oakland at last rediscovered the home run. Campaneris came to bat with a man on in the bottom of the third inning and lofted a Matlack pitch over the right-field fence. The man on? Pitcher Ken Holtzman, naturally. He had doubled and scored in Game One and now he did it again. Not to be upstaged, Jackson launched the longest hit of the Series, a 400-footer into the bleachers that was worth two more runs—and the Most Valuable Player award.

"When the ball left my hand," said Matlack later, "I knew it was going out of the park. It was a good, old-fashioned hanging curveball, eye-high."

And that was that; two runs scored later by the Mets and one by the A's were ultimately meaningless. Those industrious relievers, Fingers and Knowles, finished things up for Holtzman, Knowles coming in solely for the final out.

Moments later Williams announced that he was resigning to seek employment somewhere closer to his home in Riviera Beach, Fla.

When asked how far Riviera Beach was from Fort Lauderdale, the spring training home of the Yankees, Williams grinned. "Thirty minutes," he said, "and 22 seconds."

END



Reliever Rollie Fingers led a Series record by sealing off the A's concluding victories.

SORRY, BUT ALABAMA HAD TO RUN

It was a raucous affair, the Crimson Tide and Tennessee, both unbeaten, locked in a 21-21 tie as the fourth quarter began. Then Bear Bryant's boys scored three quick touchdowns and the party was over **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Time stands still on the cherry-paneled wall behind Bear Bryant's desk at Alabama. With an appositeness perhaps only coincidental, the antique clock with the roman numerals never says anything except three minutes to nine. There are illusions of change: the Crimson Tide is now a happy blend of black and white, and when it rolls it does so with the fashionable Washbone offense. Also, Bryant himself says he does not coach anymore, just stands around worrying his assistants. But it might as well be 1961, or 1964 or '65 or any of those years of high achievement, because for Alabama under Bear Bryant the goal is always the same, the hour near at hand.

On a cool Thursday evening two days before this latest model showed its fine hand and terrible swift fist to Tennessee, Buddy (Bearcat) Brown, an offensive tackle who is called the last of the beloved red-necks by his coaches, got up before a yawping mob of pep ralliers outside Bryant Hall in Tuscaloosa and put the proposition squarely on the line, the way the old man would. When he sidled up to the microphone at Assistant Coach Jimmy Sharpe's bidding he had his jaw out.

"Y'all want the nation'l championship?" said Bearcat.

"Yaaaaaahhhhh," said the crowd.

"Well, we damn sure do," said Bearcat.

"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh," said the crowd.

To that end on Saturday, beneath the banners of their screaming loyalists ("Hang Tenn, Tide"), "Lord, I was born a 'Bama fan") and the orange haze of the Birmingham steelworks, Alabama scored three touchdowns in a five-minute burst of deadly reckoning to leave Tennessee gasping in the fourth quarter, and a loser at 42-21. And when it was over, between dispensing first a prayer and then the cigars he had been saving for the occasion, Bryant mounted a dressing room bench and waved his hand to silence the bedlam. "You're the greatest bunch I've ever been around," he said, and added with a faintly whimsical smile,

"Either that or the greatest bunch of con men."

The last was a concession to moderation. Bryant has fallen in love with this, his 16th Alabama team, and must watch himself lest he get carried away. Earlier this year, on his weekly television show, he said that Richard Todd, the sophomore (and currently second string) quarterback, could be the best he ever had. It will be recalled that he once had Joe Namath. Later Bryant admitted to a certain light-headedness, having been on pain pills that day after some extensive dental work.

Last week, nevertheless, he was still predicting prodigies for Todd, a big, fast onetime schoolboy discus champion from Mobile who was, until the Tennessee game, not only the team's most artful-

looking passer but its leading rusher. Todd had done nothing to discourage him. And Calvin (Cannonball) Culliver, the fullback, would eventually be his best runner, if he wasn't that already, said Bryant. Culliver is one of those fit-right-in blacks that Bryant has been recruiting the last few years. He is a freshman and third string.

Bryant, while conducting pre-Tennessee workouts from the scaffolding of his coach's tower, spoke of this reservoir of raw talent as if it were arriving on a later plane. That if kept healthy and eligible it would be "the best we ever had by next year."

Well, until further notice, forget next year. Watch as the best comes cresting this year.

After getting his eyeful, Tennessee

A Tennessee view of Alabama's go-ahead touchdown: the referee's signal amid the Crimson.



Cochin Bill Battle, who played end on Bryant's 1961 national championship team, said it is already the best Alabama offense he has seen. "Faster," said Battle, still shaken by the fourth-period blitz (and 524 total yards) that knocked his Volunteers from the unbeaten. "And more of 'em."

Of all those who have tried to put Bear Bryant under a pedestal over the years, Tennessee has been the most persistent. Bryant says it used to get to him and he had often "overcoached" against the Vols. One year, looking high and low for inspiration, he even decided to have all the Alabama dummies painted orange. All except one, he said. "I overcoached again, and got beat." In recent years he has been more relaxed around Tennessee and has widened his edge, now having won three straight. This time Alabama—unbeaten and second-ranked—was going off a 14-point favorite. "That's ridiculous," snorted Bryant, but deep down he undoubtedly knew better. He had his cigars bought. He had his specialty teams primed. "He's going to introduce his specialty teams instead of the offense or defense," shouted ABC-TV's Beano Cook

in the press box. "Only Bear Bryant would ever think to do that." More important, he had turned Jimmy Sharpe and the offensive coaches loose to scout their own offense, and had done some restructuring.

Specifically, Bryant wanted more bite in his passing game. Tennessee is a fine offensive team, made in the scrambling, rambling image of Quarterback Condredge Holloway, who is more than slightly terrific, but defensively the Vols are hurting at linebacker and are suspect in the secondary. Vulnerable to the pass, they had given up 347 passing yards to Army, 394 to Kansas. Bryant has said all along that the Wishbone is virtually untapped as a passing offense and against Tennessee he showed what he meant. On the first play of the game Gary Rutledge faked his fullback into the line, and Tennessee massed at the bait. The play is not new in Alabama's book, but this particular tactic was. Suddenly the tight end, George Pugh, and the split end, Wayne Wheeler, were out of the traffic and beating it downfield, with only one unsundered Volunteer, Jon Murdic, left to defend against them. Murdic made his first

move toward Pugh, and Rutledge read correctly and threw to Wheeler, a solitary figure beyond reach, 80 yards, touchdown.

Alabama did not throw again until the second quarter. Bryant loosed his running backs (Wilbur Jackson, Randy Billingsley, Paul Spivey, et al.—they come in groups of three) to get Tennessee's attention ("You can talk passing all you want, but you won't be able to until you show you can run"). What they got, too, was a 64-yard touchdown drive. When it was 14-7 Todd came in and passed two for two off bootleg action—his fakes were exceptional—and raised the advantage to 21-7.

For a long time after that the game was a showcase for Holloway and his mischief—Holloway breaking tackles to complete passes, Holloway salvaging busted plays by improvising in full flight. By the fourth quarter Tennessee had earned a 21-21 tie, Holloway passing for two touchdowns and running for the other. Bryant got about as close as anyone to Holloway during that stretch when he shook hands with him immediately after the game.

Then, as sensationally as it had begun, the game was suddenly stripped of its suspense. Robin Cary, a dutifully inspired specialty teamer, returned a Vol punt 64 yards to a touchdown following a wedge of Redshirt blockers who ricocheted off one another like tenpins in their eagerness to cooperate. The crowd went wild, mostly with relief. Jackson, who wound up rushing for 145 yards and now is averaging seven a carry, turned a simple power sweep into an 80-yard run for a second touchdown three minutes later. The crowd went wilder, sensing the kill. A Tennessee fumble, a short Alabama drive and the third touchdown in five minutes, seven seconds. Wilder still and totally relieved.

Bryant would gag on the suggestion, but Alabama is now in excellent position for a run at an undefeated season. Of its remaining opponents, only LSU on Nov. 22 at Baton Rouge would seem a serious threat and, like a storm on an open sea, Alabama is a team that seems to gain strength and dimension every week. "These aren't just fine players, they're fine people," says Bryant. Alabama freshmen mingling with Alabama seniors; Alabama blacks with Alabama whites in a common cause—the national championship.

END



NOW YOU SEE HIM, NOW YOU DON'T

All eyes, including those of the dumbfounded opposition, are on O.J. Simpson as he performs his sleight of foot for the amazing Bills and prepares to make Jim Brown's season rushing mark deeper by **JOE MARSHALL**



Jason Simpson, age 3½, is hanging out with some pretty fast company these days. Many of his running mates are twice his age, and there even seems to be a 10-year-old or two in the crowd. Recently, when Jason's acting up won him a shot in the mouth from another little kid, several of the senior members of the gang retaliated. "Don't you know what you did?" they yelled at the perpetrator while Jason himself, unaware of the cosmic significance of the attack on his person, nodded in vigorous support from behind the legs of a larger companion. "You hit O.J. Simpson's son!"

That indeed is sacrilege in Buffalo where O.J. Simpson (*see cover*), the once and future greatest running back in the history of football, has led the lowly Bills to unimagined heights. Eighty thousand strong, Buffalonians have been thronging

continued



on Sundays to the city's new house of worship, Rich Stadium, to witness Simpson's miracles and chant "Juice, Juice, Juice." Their prayers have been answered. In successive home games against the Jets, the Eagles and the Colts, O.J. rushed for 123, 171 and 166 yards to lead the Bills to three straight wins, a feat Buffalo had not accomplished in the four previous years that the Juice labored there. Add to this the yards he gained in a victory over the Patriots (250) and in a loss to the Chargers (103) in the Bills' first two road games, and O.J. was 26 yards ahead of the pace that Jim Brown set in 1963 when he rushed for 1,863 yards, the NFL season record.

Moreover, the Bills suddenly found themselves in the dizzying company of the Miami Dolphins at the top of their division. The Dolphins put things in perspective when they gained sole possession of first place with a 27-6 win over Buffalo in Miami last Sunday while holding Simpson to under 100 yards for the first time this season. Hampered by a wet, slippery Poly-Turf field and throttled by a stalwart Miami defense, O.J. gained 55 yards in 14 carries before sitting out the final 11 minutes with a sprained ankle. This gave him a total of 868 yards in 138 carries, 63 yards behind Brown's pace.

Buffalo returns home this week for its first Monday night appearance ever—further proof of Simpson's second coming—still very much in contention for a playoff spot. The Bills, now 4 and 2, have already won as many games as in any

season since 1966, while Simpson has a shot at regaining the ground he lost at Miami. Jim Brown's weakest effort of 1963 came in the seventh game, when he got 40 yards against the Giants.

"He'll get Brown's record," says Buffalo Guard Reggie McKenzie, "but 2,000 yards, well, that's a nice round figure." In truth Simpson's biggest handicap in his race against Jim Brown may be that he can't play against Buffalo's defense, which gave up a whopping 275 yards rushing to the Eagles.

What a difference a coach makes. Less than two years ago Orenthal James Simpson was rapidly fading from public view. His first pro coach, John Rauch, scoffed at the notion that his No. 1 draft choice could carry the load he had in college. "That's not my style," said Rauch. "I couldn't build my offense around one back, no matter how good he is. It's too easy for the pros to set up defensive keys. O.J. can be a terrific pass receiver and we expect him to block, too."

O.J. did O.K. Although failing to live up to his noices, he led the Bills in rushing in each of his first three years. Buffalo won four games his first season, then three, then one, while Simpson gained 697, 488 and 742 yards, respectively. "I was playing the game but not enjoying it," he says now. "By the middle of the season I couldn't wait to get back to California." The lucrative business contracts he had signed after graduation began to expire without renewal. Early in his third year, 1971, a fan sent him a steamship

ticket to Africa. By the end of that season he announced that five years would be all he would play as a pro.

Enter Coach Lou Saban, who had led the Bills to two straight AFL championships in the mid-'60s. "I knew his track record," says O.J. "His backs gain a lot of yards. I had had over 700 yards the year before and Floyd Little [who had played for Saban at Denver] had led the league. We had about the same average, but Floyd had 100 more carries, and I think the more you carry, the better your average gets."

When O.J. got a look at Saban's play-book in the 1972 training camp he promptly signed a new multiple-year contract, although his old one still had a year to run. "I've cried with these guys," he said. "Now I want to drink champagne with them."

Saban planned to rehabilitate Buffalo around Simpson. "Offenses and defenses have to be themselves around certain players," Saban said last week. "They have to have a hub and then one by one the other players become spokes. It makes the unit better because others want to reach heights, too. We have a very young, impressionable team. All the talking in the world is of no consequence, you need examples and you want to use a man to set high standards who's capable of reaching them. If you continue to hope that a player with potential might reach a certain level, he probably never will. But O.J. had been there once. The better he got, the better the team got."

Saban proceeded to stack the deck in O.J.'s favor. "From Saban's very first day O.J. was our offense," says Dick Cunningham, a Bills tackle and linebacker during Simpson's first four seasons. "In order to be a wide receiver, you had to be a blocker first and a wide receiver second." Saban dispatched nonblocking Wide Receiver Haven Moses to Denver and moved Bob Chandler, a teammate of O.J.'s at USC, into his position. He drafted Reggie McKenzie out of Michigan in the second round and picked New York Jet Tackle Dave Foley, a former No. 1 draft choice from Ohio State who had had knee problems, off the waiver list. Along with two holdovers, 6'7" Center Bruce Jarvis from Washington and 6'8" Tackle Donnie Green from Purdue, they provided Buffalo with the beginnings of an offensive line.

To give Simpson as much freedom as possible the Bills emphasized drive

FOCUS

O.J.'s line: top, Tackle D. D. Green, Tight End P. C. Seymour, Tackle D. E. Foley; middle, Guard J. M. McLennehan, Center J. B. Jarvis, Guard R. McKenzie; bottom, Split End J. D. Hill



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blocking, in which the offensive man takes the defensive man whichever way he wants to go and leaves the runner the option of going the other way. They installed a lot of I-formation plays, which put O.J. a full six yards behind the line of scrimmage to give him time and space to wait for holes to develop.

For his part, O.J. insists his talents are instinctive; he even claims he is a better runner when he is tired because he thinks less and just reacts. Simpson leads the league in the running back's prime requisites, leg strength and balance, but to condition his legs he does nothing but run. "I don't want to mess with them," he says. His legs seem skinnier from the knee down. When he was a boy rickets weakened them. His mother couldn't afford professional care, so he wore his shoes on the wrong feet and used homemade braces. The calcium deficiency left his legs bowed which, curiously, is a trait common to many great athletes. From the knees up, however, his legs are those of a 220-pounder. He weighs 10 to 15 pounds less than that, although he played at 217 in his second season. "The coaches had me weighing more to pass block," he says with distaste.

Simpson has 9.4 speed but, more importantly, he can shift to high from a standstill, which he frequently comes to when the traffic so dictates, and vice versa. According to a teammate O.J. is at top speed after two strides. Yet the trait that most distinguishes him from other backs is an uncanny sense of where he is. Mike McCormack, the head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, says he would like to have O.J.'s eyes tested because, like Fran Tarkenton, he seems to sense tacklers he couldn't possibly see. USC Coach John McKay used to marvel at Simpson's ability to recall the blockers and potential tacklers who figured in his long runs. Simpson says he watches the reactions of all defenders in game films and that in any given situation he can envision fairly accurately the position of any player who might have a shot at him and react accordingly. "You don't see good backs get blindsided," he says, lumping himself with mere mortals.

Saban needed a year to get his program on its feet. McKenzie was surprised at the start of last season to find how readily the Bills accepted defeat. "I had to learn what had gone on in Buffalo and how it could tear a man down," he says now. "O.J. had been down for so long

BY MICHAEL

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people were starting to kick, and I couldn't get up." To make matters worse, injuries wrecked the offensive line. Five guards, two tackles and a center were lost for the 1972 season. But the Bills rallied around Simpson, who went on to become the top rusher (1,251 yards) in the so-called Year of the Running Back. "It was a big thing when he got his 1,000," says McKenzie. "He could say, 'Hey, I got this. Nobody can say I didn't.' But he knew by then it was peanuts." Playing in his first Pro Bowl, O.J. was named Player of the Game. "Man, if that guy had some blocking in Buffalo, they'd have to hate him from the league," said Pittsburgh's Mean Joe Greene.

With two picks in this year's first round, Saban added a tackle, Paul Seymour from Michigan, and a guard, Joe Delamelleure from Michigan State. McKenzie phoned Simpson, and O.J. conceded that 1,700 yards wasn't impossible. McKenzie thought about that for a while and called O.J. back. "Why not 2,000?"

Over the summer Saban moved Seymour to tight end, creating what amounts to an unbalanced line. That meant that the six-man wall included five players from the Big Ten, three of whom had been No. 1 draft choices. None of the linemen was over 25, none was under 6'1". And they were executing the offensive linemen's easiest and most enjoyable block, the straight ahead drive. To add salt to the enemy's wounds Wide Receiver J. D. Hill was a vicious crack-back blocker.

In the season's opener O.J. set a league record for a single game when he rushed for 250 yards against New England. The Hall of Fame urgently requested his jersey. Twice in the first four weeks he was named AP Offensive Player of the Week. Two weeks ago, against Baltimore, he set another league record with his seventh consecutive 100-yard game. The media began to document his every move. When he left the field briefly in the Philadelphia game the press box was solemnly informed, "Simpson suffered a broken shoelace."

Further, what was good for the Juice was good for the rest of the Bills, only 13 of whom preceded Saban to Buffalo. The average age of the team is just 24.3, yet it is playing surprisingly error-free football. Young offensive linemen are not proving the liability they might be in a pass-oriented offense. When the Bills

continued



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reluctantly went to the air against Miami their quarterback was sacked nine times. Buffalo is taking its chances with a rookie quarterback, Joe Ferguson of Arkansas, whom Saban can afford to play because he is placing the burden of his offense on Simpson. Because of O.J.'s spectacular performances, Ferguson seldom had to throw during Buffalo's winning streak. But Saban knows that his rookie's throwing ability will eventually ease the pressure on O.J. and make Simpson even more productive.

The person who seems the least ruffled by all the excitement in Buffalo is Simpson himself. He is not a 26-year-old suddenly encountering fame but a man settling comfortably into a familiar role, O.J. Simpson, superstar. "Being the best is something I've lived with," he says, "and I like living with it."

Friends are fond of saying that "he is just a regular guy," that "his hat size has never changed." The Juice wears a perpetual smile, frequently laughing in his deep baritone. He is a man of unlimited good nature whose disposition resembles that of his mother's first cousin, Ernie Banks. "O.J.'s a better person than he is a football player, if that's possible," says Buffalo Owner Ralph Wilson.

Simpson is the team leader, a needer on the practice field, a hustler and card shark off it. "He'll cheat on you at cards if you turn your eyes," says All-AFC Defensive Back Robert James, the only other Buffalo player who has been with the team since 1969. "He'll look in your hand. He doesn't think that's wrong; he's just so competitive. If he's caught, it's comical to him; he'll laugh."

Sometimes the laugh's on O.J. In training camp a couple of years ago his best friend, ex-teenmate Al Cowlings, a 255-pound defensive end, took him up on a \$100 wager on a mule race. O.J. felt obliged to make a big show of what a pedestrian effort winning would be. Cowlings won going away. "O.J. was pooped out," says James. "When you're pooped, some say you got the monkey on your back; some say you got the bear. Well, O.J., he had an elephant."

"I almost had him psyched, though," O.J. hastens to point out. "I was going to pull up alongside and laugh and say, 'Wanna quit?' but he just pulled away."

To O.J.'s wife Marguerite, he is "a typical Cancer. He's a homebody. He wants security. He likes a roof over his head and three meals a day. . . . A spoiled

continued

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brat." O.J. once said that Willie Mays was his hero as a kid "not just because he was a good baseball player but because he had a big house to show for it." When O.J. got in the chips he wanted a house, not a fancy car or a new wardrobe. He and Marguerite picked out a Spanish-style ranch house in Bel Air and still live there in the off-season.

Not long ago Simpson was cooling his heels in Mulligan's Museum of Fine Arts and Café, a Buffalo discothèque. He seemed pleased, almost thrilled, at the large number of Bills who had chosen it for their evening's entertainment. To him this was indicative of a new team togetherness. "It wasn't that way the first few years I was here," he noted.

He lit a cigarette, not because he smokes—he doesn't—but because it was a John Player Special, which he had never seen before and because the cigarettes came in a snappy box. O.J. likes snappy things. He wore white shoes in his 250-yard game and has been wearing them ever since. And he is pleased that some of the other Bills wear them—those who have "earned the right." He said he might have to get hold of a pair for Joe Ferguson. "We got players now who want to be fly in what they do. Wearing those white shoes, that's telling the people in the stands, 'Look at me. I ain't just like everybody else on this field.'" Simpson took a puff of the John Player Special, holding it delicately between the ends of his thumb and forefinger, tilting his head back like a connoisseur. "Yes," he said, "that's pretty good."

"You're going to get sick," said Marguerite.

Attention focused elsewhere, but O.J. faced a crisis. A long ash had formed on his cigarette, and not being a smoker he was unsure how best to dispose of it. Carefully he poised the cigarette over an ashtray, then flicked at the center of it with his middle finger. The cigarette shot out of his hand, somersaulted in the air and landed beside the ashtray. He looked quickly around the table to see if anybody had noticed. He thought he was safe until he confronted the last possible witness, who met his stare with a big smile. O.J. burst out laughing. He laughed even harder at himself while the others listened to the witness' description of his gaucherie. He was obviously enjoying himself. And why not? O.J. Simpson of Southern California had at last found happiness in Buffalo. **END**



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HIGH BUT NO LONGER MIGHTY

Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell are giving their didactic all for lowly San Diego and lowly Seattle, but to date both coaches are standing immeasurably taller than their basketball teams **by PETER CARRY**

Moments before the opening tip-off of the season, the arena where the ABA's new San Antonio Spurs play was dark except for a spotlight illuminating a great papered hoop at one corner of the floor. The words "San Diego Conquistadors" inscribed on the paper were torn into illegible shreds as Tim Bassett burst through the hoop. He was followed by George Adams, Caldwell Jones, Jerry Pender, Billy Shepherd and other non-legends in their own time who, by recourse to the program, could be identified as San Diego basketball players. The last Conquistador to appear had to duck to fit through the hoop. The spotlight reverentially escorted him as he jogged down the darkened floor, the tails of his glen-plaid suit coat flapping behind him, an immense gold amulet swinging across his

almost-bare chest, swirling tongues of purple light reflecting off his patent-leather shoes. Just before he reached the San Diego bench, he saluted the crowd with a restrained wave of his left fist. Then Wilt Chamberlain, holder of more than 40 pro basketball records, four times the NBA's Most Valuable Player and the reputed bane of eight different pro coaches, gathered his new club around him. On this sticky night in South Texas, Chamberlain joined a profession to which he has long been considered least likely to accede: coaching.

Several days later Bill Russell stood in the center circle of the gym inside Building 46 at Seattle's Sand Point Naval Air Base surrounded by the sweating, puffing members of the SuperSonics. His head jutting forward in his familiar con-

dor-like pose, Russell spoke so softly that his words were indistinct to the handful of onlookers at court-side, but it was clear from the actions of the players, who looked down at the floor and pawed it with the toes of their sneakers, that what he said was less than flattering. After two or three minutes the practice resumed with the Sonics doing 10 laps, running them outside the black boundary lines of the court, then returning to the passing drill that had so displeased Russell. This time their long, baseball-style throws were harder, lower and more accurate.

Like Chamberlain, Russell is now a coach. And like Wilt, he is finding the job fresh and challenging, even though he has three seasons of coaching behind him. These were spent at the helm of the Celtics, a team of experienced players



and confirmed winners, not the least of them Russell himself. And while Russ coached Boston to two NBA titles in his three seasons, there was always Red Auerbach lurking behind the nearest cloud of cigar smoke whenever advice was needed. Now, after four years away from basketball as an itinerant lecturer, broadcaster and trick-shot artist for Ma Bell, Russell is on his lonesome with a team whose owner has been known to tender advice as readily as Red, but with none of Auerbach's expertise, and whose players, some of whom are very talented, won only 26 games last season.

That Chamberlain and Russell now have the title of coach in common does not mean that they have grown any more alike than they were when playing center. Back then they were the Yin and Yang of pro basketball, and more than anything else the dramatic confrontations between Wilt's offense and Russell's defense made the game a big-league sport. They have both been hired by owners who hope to latch on to some of that old magic. But beyond that there are few similarities in the parts they are being asked to play.

At 38 Russell has come to Seattle as a coach and more. He is also the general manager—or better still, the general factotum—who is supposed to keep the strong Sonic franchise flying upright. It almost nose-dived last season on account of abrupt coaching changes, the loss of the exceedingly popular Lenny Wilkens in a bad trade, the interference of Owner Sam Schulman and an agent who represents several of the players, and dissension among teammates.

On the other hand, Chamberlain, who at 37 says he can play another 10 years and sometimes seems to mean it, was hired primarily as a player. How soon Wilt will suit up for San Diego depends on how fast Owner Lenny Bloom is able to resolve a contractual hassle with Chamberlain's erstwhile employer, Jack Kent Cooke of the Lakers. Whether Wilt starts playing sooner (perhaps as early as next week) or later (next fall when the option year of his old Los Angeles contract expires) he is still responsible for coaching the young Qs, upon whom the future of the team rests.

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WILT looks a bit wilted as his Qs give him fresh cause for anguish, while Russell, who's been through it before, cackles through the tears.





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The idea of Chamberlain-the-coach is one which until lately was deemed out of the question by most pros, including Wilt himself. In his recently published autobiography, he wrote, "I just don't have the temperament to be a good ... coach ..." and "I won't take a coaching job ... A coach has to suffer through the same regimentation and time-consuming commitments that a player does—and that doesn't interest me. ..."

Beginning with the Lakers' defeat in the playoffs last spring, events began conspiring to change Chamberlain's mind. "When the Knicks beat us we were an old, tired team, and I admit I felt pretty old and tired, too," he says. "Looking ahead to another year with the Lakers wasn't that exciting to me. Then I began to think it might be fun to be with a young, inexperienced team."

"I had been talking on and off with Len Bloom for a year or so. I liked him as a friend but I never thought anything would come of it. The ABA kept coming up with these deadlines I had to sign by, and I kept saying, 'Cool it.' I just wanted to spend my usual relaxed summer playing volleyball and traveling to Europe. But I felt pretty sure that my decision wouldn't be between the Lakers and San Diego. It would be between returning and San Diego."

Any lingering notions Chamberlain might have had of remaining with the Lakers were foreclosed late last summer when Cooke left Los Angeles and moved into New York's Waldorf Astoria to take a direct hand in attempting to revive the financially troubled TelePrompTer Corp., of which he is the largest stockholder. In the past, Cooke personally negotiated the contracts of Laker superstars, but TelePrompTer's problems took precedence. According to some estimates, by the time trading in TelePrompTer shares was halted on Sept. 10, Cooke had paper losses of \$50 million since early 1973.

"I admit there might have been some chance I'd have gone back to the Lakers if Cooke had been around," says Wilt. "He's a graceful, eloquent talker and a master of negotiation."

The event that sealed Chamberlain's decision to jump to San Diego came in mid-September when the Lakers, concerned that Wilt would not return, traded Forward Jim McMillan to Buffalo for young center Elmore Smith. "I had already pretty well made up my mind,"

says Wilt, who sarcastically calls Smith Elmo, "but that made it easy to make my decision final. The Lakers never bothered to get my feelings on the deal and they realized it would reflect negatively on me to the fans. I wasn't afraid of Elmo, I can still cut him up. What I didn't like was the way the Lakers went about it. It was a slap in the face."

That might seem like a gentle affront by the time this season is completed. If Wilt is allowed to play he will have to make the very difficult adjustment to the dual role of player-coach, but with Chamberlain in the lineup, feeble San Diego will be a far better team, particularly since the Qs are weak where Wilt is strong: on defense and in rebounding. As a player he may also fill ABA arenas, something he has shown he cannot do as a coach. In San Diego's first three games it drew 5,879 in San Antonio (cap: 10,146), 5,013 in Denver (cap: 6,841) and 2,318 for its home opener (cap: 3,000).

Assessments of Chamberlain's coaching potential by his old mentors have not been harsh, even that of Bill van Breda Kolff, whom Wilt calls the worst coach he ever had. Only former teammate Elgin Baylor has said outright, "I don't think he can coach. He never had any discipline." That is not quite true. Chamberlain is an intelligent man who has occasionally displayed a steely singlemindedness about things that catch his fancy. In midcareer he changed from a scorer to a passer to a defensive specialist and he has become a world-class volleyball player during his spare time.

Wilt hardly seems transported by his new job when he says, "I'm extremely happy about the way it's turned out so far. But I must admit I might not feel that way five months from now." Yet he is deadly serious when he talks of combining the defensive techniques of Joe Mullaney with the tactical savvy of Alex Hannum and Bill Sharman and the psychological touch of Frank McGuire. Chamberlain also knows he has an advantage none of those other coaches had: there are young players on his team who are all but awestruck just being in the same dressing room with him.

So far Chamberlain has responded to the adoration with a fatherly approach. Through the Qs' first three games he grew increasingly vocal on the bench—where he loftily ignored the ABA "recommendation" that coaches wear neckties—and

his remarks, except for very occasional asides to the referees, were uniformly upbeat. Even when an angry "What the bleep are you doing!" slipped between an "Atta go, babes" and a "Good play, good play," he invariably followed it up with an "O.K. That's alright. We'll get it next time." And Wilt likes to use physical contact whenever he talks with a player. In fact nothing portrays the Chamberlain style better than the Big Brother poster that shows a tall man with his arm draped gently around the shoulders of a small boy.

"During my European travels I've found the people there particularly warm," says Wilt. "Part of it is that the men are not afraid of touching each other. I think that can be a very supportive thing in coaching."

Perhaps because he has often been rudely criticized during his own career, Chamberlain has added politeness to his rebukes. No two Qs seem to have caught his fancy as much as Shepherd, a 5' 10" guard who looks about 13 years old, and Jones, a promising 7-foot rookie center whom Wilt discovered in Philadelphia's Baker League last summer. In one of San Diego's first games Shepherd broke down the middle and passed the ball to Jones when the latter was still a step away from good shooting position. Jones tried to dribble on the run and committed a traveling violation. A moment later Wilt called Shepherd to the bench and said, "Billy, with the big guys you must wait longer before you give them the ball."

"O.K., sure," said Shepherd. "Thank you very much," concluded Chamberlain without a hint of sarcasm.

Wilt had joined San Diego too late to have done any real coaching. After the Qs' 121-106 win over San Antonio, he volunteered, "I was the assistant coach tonight. Stan Albeck, who's supposed to be my assistant, ran the team." After San Diego's losses the next two nights to Hannum's Rockets (135-111) and van Breda Kolff's Tams (118-113) Wilt held long blackboard sessions and admitted coaching errors to the press.

Following the second defeat Chamberlain finally had an opportunity to call his first practice of the regular season. He scheduled it for 10 a.m. Sunday, then turned to Albeck and asked, "Can we get the gym at nine?"

"Sure," said Albeck.

"Good. Let's do it then," said Wilt. When asked how a 9 a.m. practice

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would fit in with his insomniac pattern of late to bed and later to rise, Chamberlain replied, "I won't go to sleep at all Saturday night."

When practice ended on Sunday, Wilt still had not shown up. Various Qs' officials claimed he was in conference with various other Qs' officials, and players were heard to whisper, "Where's Wilt?"

The answer in their question was literally up in the air. Chamberlain had left Los Angeles for the 30-minute hop to San Diego on a 7 a.m. flight. The plane had been diverted first to Palm Springs and then to Phoenix because of heavy fog in San Diego. When Wilt finally touched down he was furious, an emotion heretofore not generally associated with his absences from practice.

Seattle has an absentee problem of its own. Last season, even though fans continued to arrive at the healthy rate of 9,448 a game, average attendance dropped nearly 2,000 from 1971-72. The reasons were obvious; the Sonics had their second-worst record ever with a roster of players far too talented for a fourth-place finish. Around the NBA, Seattle was considered a team of malcontents and prima donnas that needed a tough coach to fulfill its potential and refill the empty seats. From the very first day he took charge of the Sonics, Russell indicated he intended to be just that sort of man. These were among the introductory thoughts of Chairman Bill:

"If the team survives training camp, we'll win.

"We're going to run all over the place. We'll look like chickens.

"Most of the guys can run. The ones that can't will walk to the unemployment office.

"If we don't make the playoffs, I'll be disappointed. If I'm disappointed, the players will be very unhappy.

"We'll either work together or die together.

"We're going to run and run and run and run. We're going to pick some teams up at the airport.

"I intend to teach the players—the hard way.

"I'll take a baseball bat and a carrot to training camp."

Except for forgetting the carrot (but not the bat) and failing to win consistently, Russell has lived up to his promises. Even before training camp opened, he was working with his two big men. First, he cut Jim McDaniels down to size,

McDaniels is the alleged 7-footer who, Schulman had insisted, should play center last season. Russell measured McDaniels, found he stood 6'10" and listed him as such, thereby eliminating the assumption that he should be a giant pivot man and allowing him to move back to his natural position of forward. An off-season regimen of instruction by Russell has improved McDaniels' timid game enough to make him a starter.

Next, Russell switched his best player, 6'8" Spencer Haywood, from forward to center and introduced him to the complexities of the hook shot by having him fire up to 500 a day all summer long.

But it was not until preseason camp that Russell and his assistant, ex-Celt Emmett Bryant, began being tough on everyone. Each of the Sonics' two-a-day workouts ran at least two hours and 45 minutes and some lasted as long as four hours. They stressed conditioning and fundamentals so heavily that there was not enough time to install all those trusty old Celtic patterns. The Sonics still have not seen the One Play.

And practices during the regular season, which begin with 20 minutes of calisthenics, are hardly any easier. While Bryant organizes the drills, Russell parcels out tidbits of individual instruction and assesses penalty laps at the drop of a bounce pass. No Sonic runs alone. When one does laps, the rest go with him. That is Russell's way of teaching that basketball is a team game in which everyone suffers for individual mistakes.

At no time do Seattle players suffer more than after losing games. At the start of the next day's practice, the Sonics run enough laps to equal the number of points they yielded in defeat. Since 20 times around a basketball floor is roughly a mile, a 108-106 loss, like the one Seattle suffered at the hands of Kansas City-Omaha last week, means that practice will begin with a brisk 5½-mile trot.

"I tell them that if they intend to lose, they better do it by the lowest score possible," Russell says. "That's what's called emphasizing defense.

"We have guys on this team who are sensitive. I tell them being sensitive is a right you earn and that they can't be sensitive yet because they haven't gotten good enough. If you're on a team that won only 26 games, maybe part of your problem is your inability to take criticism. I also tell them they can be good. They have talent but are so shockingly

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A capable little microphone comes with the Ektasound movie camera—a microphone that's literally all ears. Technically speaking, it's "omnidirectional." That means you don't have to re-aim the mike every time you re-aim the camera. Just put it down and shoot all around.



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The word is reasonable. Ektasound movie cameras start at less than \$190 (model 140, illustrated, with zoom, less than \$275). Projectors are less than \$220; (model 245, shown above, has extra recording features and costs less than \$280). Because our new films capture both sight and sound, you can expect to pay a little more for them than for silent films.

Your photo dealer will be glad to show you *The Talkies* up close. But, until you watch those first frames of film roll through the projector and listen to your family and friends talk back to you from the screen, well, as the man said: "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

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Anyway, you shoulda seen him getting to those bass.

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lacking in fundamentals that I brought my cousin up here during training camp. He's a college coach and he ran them through drills you usually give to freshmen in high school. If I didn't like these guys, I wouldn't waste my time on things like that."

Few coaches other than Russell could get away with these rigorous measures. His record of 11 titles in 13 seasons at Boston and the imposing force of his personality, from the extra jolt he gives his chin in anger to his wild, cackling laugh, make it easy for him.

"It's all very simple," says Guard Mahdi Abdul-Rahman, who seemed near the end of his career last season but shed 15 pounds to play for Russell. "He's the world's greatest winner and he knows the system of Red Auerbach, the greatest pro coach ever."

That reputation allowed Russell some straight talk when Schulman offered him the Seattle job. "I told him, 'Look, Sam, nobody wants to work for you. You've always got your fingers into everything.' Still, I decided to take it, and not just because of the Brink's truck he gave me. I've always liked the city of Seattle. I didn't know much about the rest of the team, but I knew Haywood was a great player. And I realized that when Sam agreed to give me complete control it would be the kind of job I'd like, the kind that I could put all of myself into."

Russell has taken over more than Schulman's basketball operations. He seems to have an option now on the entire populace of Seattle. A crowd of more than 14,000 appeared for the first exhibition game, and attendance has remained strong even though the Sonics won but two of eight preseason games and ended their first two weeks of the season with a 3-4 record.

Nonetheless, Seattle shows signs of being an improved team. Purses frequently end up in the hands of a Sonic who manages to slip free of his man and, as Russell proved last week in the loss to the Kings when he yanked Guard Fred Brown, he will bench anyone who blatantly fails to yield the ball to an open teammate. A touch of defense has also been added, but with two starters learning new positions and only four truly experienced pros on the roster, Russell may have to wait a few months, or perhaps a full season, before his team has a winning record. Until then the Sonics will be mostly running in circles.

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A DIAMONDHEAD IN THE ROUGH

A former Pinehurst resident reminisces about the old golfing resort, its traditions and gracious living, and ponders what its purchase by a land developing corporation will do it

by FRASER SMITH

My father had a Chamber of Commerce-type license plate on the back of his old Packard that said PINEHURST, N.C., GOLF CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. The thought of living in a world's capital pulled me up considerably, so I was surprised and a little miffed later to find that outside our carefully guarded precincts the title struck few sparks of recognition.

The reasons are clearer to me now. The title was not really meant for large audiences outside the town. It would have been misleading in any case. Just as important as golf was the preservation of

the land and the right of the privileged to live quietly without intrusion by alien people and customs. "Golf Capital of the World" was a bit of self-congratulation not necessarily designed to maximize images or profits.

Nowadays you work at images. You put up \$500,000 in prize money and name your tournament The 1973 World Open Championship, which is what is scheduled for Pinehurst next month. Eight days, 144 holes, \$100,000 to the winner.

The former owners of Pinehurst thought productions of this sort over-



PINEHURST PAST is the old Carolina Hotel, once the hub of the resort's social life but today being challenged by an uprising of condominiums

shadowed their town and made the game secondary to the tournament. One served golf, they thought, not with the traveling circus of the tournament and its superstars but by their absence. The old Pinehurst approach was not an attempt to bring true altruism into resort management. It was the result of traditions that dictated certain rules: you made your money first and then you came to Pinehurst where gracious living was the primary occupation. Hard driving for bucks would have been seen as crass and disruptive, particularly if the owners of the town had done it.

The Tufts family, owners of Pinehurst for three generations, represented that era in American and golf history in which

the professional was thought of as a hustler with no credentials for entering the front door of a clubhouse. Beyond this—and, more important—professionals and their tournaments got in the way of Pinehurst's reason for being, the care and pampering of its guests. The Tufts family considered guests in their hotels as house guests. And they had more to offer than golf. Their Pinehurst stood for congeniality, exclusivity and immunity from all but the most benign forms of commercialism and politics. It was a tol-

erable system for a company town with benevolent owners who thought their reign would endure forever.

Some Pinehurst guests did not even play golf. Which was fine, though they added less to the flow of revenue than did the players. They came for the hotel life or to watch trotting horses tram or for hunting and field trials. If they went to the Pinehurst Country Club, they often rode in Happy's bus, an antique with a hand throttle. Happy resisted attempts to buy a newer model, preferring the one he was used to and suspecting his passengers did, too.

Happy's route took him through the village, past the theater with its occasional once-a-week movies, and past the Village Chapel, the church of the wealthy retired, with its white New England spire pointing up through stately longleaf pines that are clustered around it. Happy's regulars went to the country club to play cards or for luncheon or, perhaps, simply to sit on the wide verandas like passengers on an ocean liner. At the appointed time Happy would drive them back to their hotels.

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN E. CORNER



Happy's constituency got smaller and older along with him, and there was no strong move to replace it with the increasing numbers of younger men and women who could afford a vacation in a place like Pinehurst. Even among the old regulars, however, there appeared indications that the accommodations were not what they might have been. The honored tradition of second-guessing the Tufts was celebrated with renewed intensity during the last declining years. How Pinehurst could be run better had always been a predominant subject of conversation in the town.

Through it all the family clung to their thing. It was their party, and they thought it grand. Even if they were a bit uneasy with the old formula, the uncertainties of the future—not to mention the certainties—were worse. They seemed content to let a whole generation of affluent tourists bypass them for new developments such as Myrtle Beach, Hilton Head and Sea Island.

To another way of thinking those tourists proved they did not deserve Pinehurst. Maybe the accommodations were better elsewhere, but the golf could not compare. No one else had the No. 2 championship course, the town's pride.

But pride and a magnificently tough golf course were not enough. Displeased with profits, stockholders started a sell-out movement, and when the national economy soured in the late 1960s two of

the three Tufts brothers began to press for sale from the inside.

Richard Tufts, the family's business leader, was opposed. He and his son Pete resisted. But the brothers had agreed to be governed by a majority. In late 1970 they accepted an offer from the Diamondhead Corporation, a land development firm, and the golf capital of the world changed hands.

Seismic changes came almost immediately. Surveyors' flags sprouted in every corner of the estate. Ubiquitous white station wagons with Diamondhead customers became unhappy symbols of change. The new owners quickly spent more than \$6 million renovating The Carolina Hotel, including washing out all the individuality of the wing-back and wicker chairs in the lobby and making it look like most other modern lobbies.

And if the townspeople were not groaning about what they saw as the Miami and Las Vegas effects of the new hotel decor, they were lamenting the loss of the town park. In my day vehicles like Happy's bus left the hotel and moved down three blocks from it to a road that went around a circular pine grove known as the park. It had a few listless deer in a pen and some swings, but it was basically our forest primeval, dark and dense.

Today you go right through it. The new road was built at the cost of several hundred trees, some of them thought to

be of Civil War vintage. To some it was cosmetic surgery, a thinning out and opening of brighter new vistas. Attractive tennis courts were built, making that sport considerably more than the kind of neglected afterthought it had been under the Tufts. The park now included more facilities, but there were those who had thought the park inviolate, and they mourned the loss of its rough majesty.

The Rev. Roscoe L. Prince, scholarly pastor of the Community Presbyterian Church, was outraged.

"The vandals have come," he said. He would lead a Ralph Nader-style fight against them if he had not had a heart attack recently, he said. I remember my father saying that some in the congregation had thought of getting a new preacher at one time because Mr. Prince was too intellectual, not fiery enough. Now he is near retirement, and it may not be in Pinehurst, the town he served for 32 years; land costs had gone too high after Diamondhead arrived, he said.

Diamondhead paid \$9.3 million for the entire town. For that price the firm bought 7,000 acres of largely undeveloped land, three hotels (including one in York Harbor, Maine, which was immediately sold), five 18-hole golf courses, a riding stable, gun club, plumbing shop, town streets—everything, including the governance of between 1,200 and 2,000 residents, depending on the season.

"If you consider the profit we were making," says Richard Tufts' brother James, "then we got a fair price. On the other hand, if you look at the value of the land, they got a whale of a bargain." The Tufts did look at the land, but the value they saw was not monetary.

"Land sales were the last thing we thought of," he said. "If we had gone out for sales it might have been different."

James Tufts is a man of slight build, rather more narrow of face and body but about the same height as his brother Richard. Albert Tufts was the tallest but the one with the lowest profile in town operations. All wore glasses and were lightly freckled. They carried with them a tinge of the Yankee Boston accent of their forebears and they wore Ivy League styles in soft earth tones which helped to make them more a part of the gently rolling Sandhills region. They were self-effacing masters, blending in with the background like the quail.

Their grandfather, a Boston industri-



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alist who made his fortune in the soda fountain manufacturing business, founded Pinehurst in 1895. In a climate thought to be one of the most health-assisting in the world he opened a spa for people with respiratory complaints. Tuberculosis victims were among the first patrons.

But shortly, according to James, "there were so many people coming here who didn't have TB the thinking was that those who had it should not come back anymore. After that all the deeds had a restrictive covenant [one of several]: you couldn't have TB and own land in Pinehurst."

"Father said telling people about the new rules was one of the dirtiest jobs he ever had," James recalled. Golf came shortly after this job was done.

"I don't know it for a fact," says James, "but they say the land at the country club was cleared for a peach orchard. Grandfather was involved with a diving in Boston, Edward Everett Hale, and they wanted to bring people down here to work in the peach orchards during the summers. But then he had a surge of something called San Jose scale that wiped out the peaches in the whole area. So some of the early golf nuts started hucking around out there on the cleared land."

Henson Maples and his father Frank were the only two greenkeepers the town had had since the early 1900s. Frank had been there when Donald J. Ross designed the No. 2 course. Henson was a proud, wiry man of authoritative bearing who was renowned for his devotion and near-possessiveness about the Pinehurst courses. He seemed to be indispensable, especially to newcomers unfamiliar with the idiosyncrasies of sandy soil.

But he was not indispensable. Disagreeing with Diamondhead over issues of golf-course maintenance, Henson left, along with more than 100 other Pinehurst employees, men and women who had worked for the Tufts all of their lives. By the sheer number of casualties the new company appeared to court a community backlash of some proportions. Diamondhead officials said they simply could not afford employees who were so married to the old ways. They made sizable settlements with those they dismissed, and most found new enterprises. For some it was an emancipation; they found they could exist without the company.

But not everyone was fired. Mutt Frye,

one of the town's full-time firemen, was named "commissioner of public safety." Diamondhead, which has a corporation's penchant for grand titles, gave him a raise and more responsibility.

Mutt says he knows why change had to come. "Some of those old folks that used to come here, they'd check in and sit down. They had boocoo's of money but they wadn't turn'n any of it over," he said. Of course, anything consciously done to turn over a guest's money would have been rejected as out of keeping with good manners and grace.

It was this kind of thinking that led Richard Tufts to bar professionals and their tournaments. He had been president of the United States Golf Association and an expert on the rules of golf. But he resented what he considered a lack of decorum among the touring pros—not all of them by any means but enough to warrant his action. After the Ryder Cup matches in 1951 and the North-South Open of 1951 he slammed the door. Pinehurst was for golf and for Pinehurst's guests, not for pros on the make.

Richard Tufts was quite content with amateur tournaments like the North-South Amateur. The idea that he would lose the North-South must have been particularly hard to bear, and when the town was sold his son Pete tried to regain the rights to the tournament. He failed, and is now convinced that the tournament will be cheapened. He feels the new managers will open it to all comers regardless of handicap and previous record. It is one part of the general democratization that offends the past and its guardians.

My own recollections of the tournament are embedded in images of the golf courses, of the town and its people. One of these was Richard D. (Dick) Chapman Sr., an early golf star. He had *Groucho* good looks and he won most of the world's major amateur tournaments. But he had not won the North-South on his home course.

Chapman lived in a section of town known by some of us who did not live there as Millionaire Hill. I had watched him practicing two-irons, low and true and falling in a good marksman's pattern. He was part of the scenery in those days, and thus his failure in the North-South was magnified. It was like Sam Snead trying to win the Open or Palmer the PGA. Only it was worse because it was his home course. It brought him

down a bit. But he hung in and finally won in 1958. It seemed to me a great accomplishment, given the pressure.

Few will remember him. A few more might remember Frank Stranahan. I do because he went out with my sister's dancing teacher when he was an town and because he couldn't outdrive Ted Robinson. Ted worked for Pinehurst as an assistant greenkeeper. He could knock it out of sight. We used to get him off his mower to hit a few for us. The local story was that Stranahan started lifting weights in an effort to take Ted. It didn't work. Robinson, like most caddies, had a great swing. But he seldom played. He did not have the advantages of a Chapman.

But the caddies did have one perquisite: they had their own water fountains. The caddies' fountains were green. The guests were to drink out of the white ones. I crossed the line with trepidation as a kind of risk-taking. I survived.

This form of Jim Crow and other Pinehurst customs began to fade before Diamondhead arrived. The Old Spider and Fly Inn with its pickled eggs and hot chocolate was gone from the 11th tee of the No. 1 course.

Even the caddies were being replaced. "I caddie about two days a week and then I let it go," says one 60-year-old. "I work for a local doctor. He plays once or twice a week, and that's what I mostly depend on."

"I don't like to pass a rumor," he says, "but they say [Diamondhead] is featuring the carts. I believe I'd do the same thing. But I don't imagine they'll cut out caddying altogether."

Under the Tufts there were carts, but to keep some good caddies they instituted a kind of featherbedding: you had to take a caddie with your cart.

"Sometimes," one of the oldtimers said, "a player in a cart will ask, 'Did you see my ball?' A couple of us have said, 'Why don't you ask your caddie?'"

"The cart can't find a ball. It can't tell you what club to use and it can't help you read the green. There's a lot of advantages to having a caddie that can caddie," he said.

Like Pete Tufts, I always carried my own bag. My economy golf included a ply for not paying greens fees. With friends of mine I'd walk out to the old starter, engaging him in conversation. Smiling in his snap-brim houndstooth hat, he would not mention the lack of a

continued

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PINEHURST

ticket on my bag. We thought we had fooled him, but I wonder.

When I was a little older I met Deke Palmer, Arnold's father, at the Manor Hotel, one of the independent hotels in the town. "Boy," he said, "you've got a hand just like Arnie's." I never shook hands with Arnie, though, partly because as a pro he was seldom there after his college days at nearby Wake Forest—the old exclusivity rule.

"Pinchurst just won't be exclusive anymore," says one of the Millionaire Hall gang. "I imagine they'll take anyone now." He had a sixties snow sticker on his Rolls-Royce.

William H. Maurer, 38-year-old DuMonthead president, contends that this impression is accurate. He has been asked who he plans to sell his land to, and he says the question bothers him. He says he will not make artificial barriers for blacks, Jews or "9fers," the guys who come down on a package weekend.

"When they're in town," says a member of the Tin Whistles, an invitation-only club within the country club, "you can't keep combs or Vitalis in the locker room."

Bill Maurer, who appears to use a little hair tonic himself, says, "There are a lot of people in this country who have worked hard to earn their money, and they deserve a place to spend it." He makes it sound a little like land reform. He acknowledged during an interview that his salesmen have a composite picture of their customer: he wears a hard hat, carries a hammer in his belt and has a lunch box full of money. They call him Joe Lunchbucket.

I asked one of Maurer's salesmen to show me the condominiums. We got into his Cadillac and drove out past Quail Hill. When I lived in Pinchurst, Quail Hill was Blacktown, and we called it Smoke. It was crunched down behind a railroad underpass and to the left of the 18th fairway of No. 3. In a single gesture toward progress the Tufvies had built \$70,000 condominiums there in the late '60s. The families were put through a kind of rural removal operation. They were allowed to take their Pinchurst-owned shacks for the price of having them moved.

The salesman drove on, anticipating questions about the local weather. I did not explain my own knowledge of the area.

"The sand hills pull off the humidity,"

he said, describing a phenomenon I could not recall or believe. I wanted to ask him if the sand hills pull off the gnats.

He told me some folks in the town had opposed the changes and then assured me nothing was going to stop his horses. I had asked a lot of my friends if they were interested in going after their own government—mayor and zoning boards and all of that. Most said no. The Tufvies' legacy included the idea that corporations have their prerogatives.

Once at the condominium site the salesman said, "Esthetics were the first consideration. We could have built these things wall to wall." I asked him if he would guarantee they would not be wall to wall in 10 years.

"How much of a guarantee do you want after 10 years?" he asked. "You'll have to go out and find another Camelot by then, if there are any left."

The remark does not represent the new management viewpoint, according to Bill Maurer, but it does tend to define an outer boundary to which land development can run, particularly when no one is watching. Maurer told me he thinks of his firm as "the General Motors of land development."

Standing there on the elevated 18th tee, the salesman and I were a dark hook away from what used to be Smoke, and a slice from some of the new Diamondhead condominiums. In that shallow valley the complexity, the necessity and the uncertainty of change were clear. You would not want to preserve Smoke and the things it stood for, but you'd hate to see it replaced with a high-class housing project.

The salesman said it would be up to the newcomers to keep Pinchurst beautiful. He bent over to pick up a slender pine bough. It had a sharp burst of new needles at the end and a few thimble-sized cones. We used pine needles as a kind of paving material in our driveway. They are strong, like the land itself.

But the balance had been altered. There had always been a feeling that the pines emitted a protective spell, soothing and revivifying those who walked in their shadows. Now I think the walkers must reciprocate. They can help assure that what is good for the General Motors of land development is also good for the land.

In early fall Pete Tufvis started construction on a new golf course that will be part of a development west of Pine-

continued

burst called Seven Lakes. He is staking out a new claim to the ancestral turf. Not many Joe Luntzbachers have that luxury. For them Camelot is new.

With that realization in mind, in late August a group called Concerned Citizens of Pinchurst filed a suit against Diamondhead and Pinchurst, Inc., its wholly owned subsidiary. They charged the new managers with violations of the minimal zoning restrictions contained in the official Town Plan. Pinchurst's equivalent of a charter or constitution. And the concerned citizens said they believe Diamondhead has marred both the No. 5 course and the No. 3, the one where the salesman talked to me about esthetics.

Maurer acknowledges some mistakes, attributing them to planners who were not golf sophisticated, though he himself has been a golf professional. He promised the errors would not be repeated.

But corporate assurances are not enough for Stuart R. Paine, a 49-year-old semiretired manufacturer of bed frames and ironing boards who moved to Pinchurst two years ago. Mr. Paine comes from Louisville where, he says, enterprises like his and Diamondhead's are watched by elected officials and regulatory bodies: mayors and aldermen and zoning boards. Under the Pinchurst setup, he said, the town building inspector works for the major contractor: Diamondhead.

"That's like putting the fox in the hen house," he said.

Mr. Paine says his organization wants change to be orderly and characterized by prudent concern for the problems that growth will bring.

"We want to be participants in change," he said, "not victims of it." Concerned Citizens now has about 200 members, including six or eight who own Diamondhead condominiums. But at least as many residents want nothing to do with the group, and they have formed something called Citizens Concerned About Concerned Citizens.

Nevertheless, the Concerned Citizens in mid-October reached a 22-point agreement with Diamondhead. Most important among the points was No. 1: "On or before January 31, 1974, an election will be held to elect nine (9) members to The Village Council of Pinchurst, and thereafter an election shall be held annually."

The folks who rode in Happy's bus would not have understood. **END**

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Sunrise On The Other Face Of Racing

Wherever thoroughbreds race, two worlds exist side by side, the big, bawdy public life of the afternoons on the main track and the quiet, earthy and mostly unseen routine that begins in early morning at the barns. Here is that less visible face of the sport, the backstretch, which recently has seen the biggest change in what was once a man's game since Tod Sloan shortened his stirrups—girls. They are everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

CONTINUED







Before the thoroughbred horses before dawn as the lights go on, one by one, in the stalls under the sky. The sounds are of horses from the overnight feedings, the barking of the dog, the purring of the engine and marmar of the language that comes from people who love horses that is not, that it is just the beginning of another day. The horses, hot walkers and runners, under the direction of trainer and foreman, minister from morning until night to the needs of that strongest, most heat and most famous of athletes, the thoroughbred racehorses.





Currying Favors And Winning Ways

Hattie Lukes rubs four horses. From six in the morning when she empties the water buckets until five in the evening when she sweeps the hard earth in front of the stalls for the last time, she is their provider, their handmaiden and their solace. Most grooms on the backstretch at the Atlantic City Race Course make \$125 a week, but Hattie's boss, Don Combs, a public trainer with a stable of 16 horses, pays her \$150 because in his opinion "she's just tops."

Three years ago Hattie had never been near a horse. She was a presser in a dry-cleaning shop in Monmouth, N.J. when she took a day off to visit a boyfriend who was working for Combs. That was the end of her career in pressing. She started in thoroughbred racing the way almost everybody on the backstretch does, as a \$75-a-week hot walker. She was stepped on and hit ten as she led Combs' horses around and around under the corrugated metal roofs of the shed rows, cooling them out after a morning work. "But then I'd come back the next

morning and there they were in their stalls, looking helpless and needing somebody to take care of them, so I stayed."

Hattie is 26 now. She is tall, about 5'9", and slender, but strong enough to lug a bale of hay or shove aside the hind-quarters of a 1,200-pound thoroughbred when necessary. Her spirit shines out of her friendly face and reverberates in her laughter. She laughs at everything.

By 6:30 when the hot walkers and the exercise boy arrive, yawning and huddled under their windbreakers against the morning cold, Hattie has the first of her horses, a 3-year-old named Papago, tacked up and ready to go to the track. She has already emptied the water and feed buckets from the night before, separated the wet and dirty bedding straw from the rest and hauled it to the concrete muck pit between the barns. She has removed the leg bandages and wiped the dust from Papago's coat, combed straw from his mane and tail, picked out the mud and muck that have accumulated on the bottom of his feet, saddled and bridled him and led him outside the barn to where Joe Jennings, the exercise boy, and Combs are waiting. Combs gives his instructions—a mile-and-a-quarter gallop on the main track. Hattie gives Jennings a leg up and Papago moves onto the road.

Back in the stall Hattie scatters powdered lime on the floor to keep the smell down, tosses the remaining straw with a pitchfork and shakes out fresh straw on top of that, scrubs out the feed and water buckets, hangs fresh water on the wall and, finally, sweeps in front of the door.

Papago's stall is ready now and Hattie moves on to her next horse to begin the routine again. "Here's Change Purse," she says of a bumptious 2-year-old a few stalls down the row. "He spoils my day. One time he bit off the light bulb. Didn't you, Change?" she says softly.

Soon Papago is back and Jennings is off on another horse. Hattie slides the saddle down and Cheryl Anderson, a small blonde hot walker, joins the parade around the barn—eight or nine laps in 35 minutes. "I'm 27. I used to rub them, too," says Cheryl, "but it was too hard for me, lugging water buckets around. I'm just not big enough."

Hattie swabs down Papago with a bucket of warm water and pine oil, soaps

his tail and mane and hoses the suds away. She rubs him dry, combs out his mane and tail and, back in his stall again, kneels in the straw to rub his legs with alcohol. Next she wraps his legs in padded bandages and paints his hooves with an oily dressing to keep them from drying and cracking. "You don't need to do this every day, but I do because it makes him look so pretty," she says. She hangs a water bucket and a hay rack on hooks outside the stall door and Papago begins to nibble and watch the world go by. Hattie moves to her other horses, chatting, laughing but always working.

"Warbucks here was laid up three or four months," she says, "but when he came back in Arkansas he won his first race by six lengths and paid \$48,60. I only bet our horses, a \$6 combination every time one of them runs. I've saved me enough for a down payment on a house in Florida."

At 10:30 Earl Louis, the 33-year-old assistant trainer and stable foreman, wheels around a cartload of oats mixed with sweet feed, stopping at each stall while the grooms scoop out two quarts for each horse, hang the feed buckets and close the screens. One last sweep, a spritz or two from the hose to keep the dust down and then lunch across the road at the Frenchman's Kitchen where a sign warns, "Eat Your Betting Money but Never Bet Your Eating Money."

Afternoon is the slow time. There is still a 4:30 feeding to come and a little more mucking out to do before the horses are bedded down. There is water to be changed and tack to be cleaned and bandages to be washed and hung up to dry and more raking and sweeping, but before all that there is also time to sit in the sun at the end of the shed row and gossip and have "a cool one." There is even time to take a nap on one of the cots in the tack room.

It is 1:27 when Hattie leans back against a wadded-up pillow and pushes her shoes off with her toes. She opens the *Racing Form*, but before long she rolls over facing the wall. A voice from a loud-speaker breaks the midday silence of the backstretch.

"The horses are approaching the starting gate. It is three minutes to post time."

Hattie Lukes is sleeping.

—SARAH PLEGGI

PEOPLE

Bernie Ulman, an NFL referee for 11 years, may now be addressed as professor by any player wishing to do so. Next term he will teach a course at Essex Community College near Baltimore entitled *Pro Football for the Spectator*. Ulman says the course is open to everyone, and "that includes sportswriters and broadcasters." No one need feel inhibited. "Whenever I speak anywhere," he says, "I ask the audience for one big boo. That way they feel at ease." As equal time for those comments on crowds and the Fourth Estate, it seems fair to note that Essex does not offer credit for taking Ulman's course. The college does, however, give credit for a course in dancing the polka.

Jean Terrell, the lead singer for the Supremes, was at ringside watching **Muhammad Ali** work out. When Ali spoke to her in a friendly fashion, a girl sitting next to Jean nudged her in the ribs. "Tell him he's the prettiest

thing going," the girl suggested. Jean shrugged. "What's the use?" she asked. "He already knows it."

Several years ago Stock-Car Driver **Richard Petty** announced an open house for the fans, and 15,000 showed up at his place in Level Cross, N.C. (pop. 1,660). Word got out that the Pettys were holding another open house, and Petty had to ask 51 radio stations to send out a frantic message: no open house, just the annual convention of the Richard Petty Fan Club. Some 300 came from 17 states, representing 6,500 paid-up members. And so did North Carolina Governor **James Hobbins**, who handled an air wrench on the front tire in the pit-crew race, part of the entertainment. His Honor was doing well, too, until he bent over to pick up the spare—and split his trousers right up the middle. Quick as a wink three large highway patrolmen ringed the guy, off came the



panis and into the breech came Mrs. Lee Petty (Richard's mama) wielding a fast needle. A small accident. Yellow flag, all the way.

For the first time since 1950, England failed to reach the qualifying finals of the soccer World Cup, and for Goalkeeper **Peter Shilton**, distraught in front of 100,000 spectators and a television audience of millions, it was more than failure at a sport. Although England dominated the Wembley Stadium match most of the way, Poland scored on a breakaway goal by Jan Domarski and, needing a win to qualify, England could manage no more than a 1-1 tie, and "all bad was too bad."

World chess champion **Bobby Fischer** launched a guerrilla attack from right of center on Philippines President **Ferdinand Marcos** during a ceremonial game opening the Philippines International Chess Tournament. Christina Ford and Imelda Marcos, wife of the president, were there to watch, and all across the board things were warmer than they had been on that other island, Ireland.

The front foursome of the Atlanta Falcons includes a couple of fairly eccentric members. Defen-

sive End **Claude Humphrey**, one of the toughest players in the league, frequently appears at dog shows, exhibiting Doberman pinschers. And **John Zook** is a former sky diver. The story is told that Zook's parachute once failed to open. Falling faster and faster, Zook ripped the pack open with his hands, pulled out the chute and threw it free so that it opened just 500 feet from the ground. Ten more jumps and that was enough sky diving for Zook.

The Arizona State golf team includes **Brian Shanks** and **Cody Hooker**.

Thomas C. Garrett, a Spokane bank assistant vice-president, recently climbed Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, making the ascent of the snow-capped, 19,340-foot peak with Ralph Mackey of Everett, Wash. "Winds were up to 50 knots, and the chill factor was 50° below," Garrett says, "so I stayed just long enough to plant an Expo 74 flag and apply Expo decals wherever I could." Hmm. Garrett's father-in-law, Roderick Lindsay, is chairman of the board for the Spokane exposition, which has an environmental theme. Definitely a sticky situation.

Warren Capone, the outstanding Louisiana State linebacker, says he may be a relative of the late Al Capone. Warren's grandfather Mike entered the United States through New York when he emigrated from Italy around the turn of the century but did not stay in the city. Mike's brother remained behind in New York, however, and was never heard from again. Presumably he could well have settled in Brooklyn and have had a son named Al. "My grandfather went to see Al Capone in New Orleans once," Warren says. "Capone said he didn't have any relatives."



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When you stand on your head, Syracuse is No. 1

Last season an enterprising group of Colorado State students, their profit motives not dulled by watching the Ram football team stagger to a 1-10 record, printed and sold about 1,000 bumper stickers that proclaimed "We're No. 1," with the "No. 1" printed upside down. Not only was it a less cumbersome bonus than "We're No. 121," but it was accurate. While USC, Oklahoma and other juggernauts were fighting for the top of the weekly AP and UPI polls, hapless Colorado State was squirming and scratching, and eventually failing, to avoid winning a less prestigious but far more amusing poll, the Bottom 10.

Here, straight from the Bottom 10's creator and lone voter, Steve Harvey, a Los Angeles newspaperman, is how the terrible teams finished behind CSU in '72: 2) Brown 1-8, 3) Texas-El Paso 2-8, 4) New Mexico State 2-9, 5) Wake Forest 2-9, 6) Pitt 1-10, 7) Northwestern 2-9, 8) Oregon State 2-9, 9) New Mexico 3-8, 10) Vanderbilt 3-7. Hats on to them all.

Harvey is somewhat saddened this season. He doesn't have Colorado State (3-4) to kick around anymore, and Brown, of all schools, after forming a Farewell to Steve Harvey Club, has already won one and tied one.

The Bottom 10 is, of course, a parody of the wire-service polls, a little needle used to puncture high-pressure, win-what-must football. Sold by the Universal Press Syndicate to 57 newspapers for 17 weeks in the fall, the feature rates the worst college teams, tabs an upcoming "Crummy Game of the Week" and hands out some "special citations," such as the one Oregon got last season for blocking three extra-point attempts while losing to Oklahoma 68-3. At the syndicate's urging, in 1970 Harvey started to rate the poorest of the pros. It made his job tougher because there are usually four or five "really bad ones and about 16 more that are interchangeable, so I have to rank them according to whom I

After a careful analysis of games lost, points yielded and yards not gained, here is one man's ranking of the country's biggest losers

have a grudge against that particular week."

Sometimes Harvey throws in what he calls "non sequiturs," like rating the Penn Central Railroad in the Bottom 10, or the entire Atlantic Coast Conference, or tempestuous Patcher Denny McLain. But the feature's staples are woecracks, some good and some not likely to make us forget Jim Murray.

"Columbia's defensive team, which finished fourth in the voting for the Nobel Peace Prize . . ."

"Led by its famous backfield, the Four Mules, Washington State romped to a 1-10 record during the 1970 season."

"So far, the only disturbing aftereffect of Gabriel's acupuncture treatment is that he now calls the plays in Chinese."

The Bottom 10 is understandably unpopular among some coaches and publicists. Pat Quinn, sports information director at Oklahoma State, called it "syndicated cynicism, devoid of compassion or talent." He added, "Let's hope

the coaches don't think to start a 'Bottom 10' among sportswriters!" Army Coach Tom Cahill called it "garbage" and Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne, who has a Ph.D. in educational philosophy, said, "It's destructive to a team's morale and the program." A reader recently called it "the most disgusting sports column ever conceived."

If many rank Harvey as the worst of sportswriters, ex-Texas A&M Coach Gene Stallings would have loved to use him as a season-long tackling dummy ("One of the safest jobs I can think of," Harvey answered).

"That column is sick, and any paper that runs it is sick," said Stallings. "... There's no such thing as a crummy football game. Even if it's sandlot, every one of those players has a momma, poppa and sweetheart, and it's not crummy to them."

Harvey once received a letter from a coach in Utah telling him that he was ruining the lives of 19 people—the coaches, their wives and their children. It seemed that every time he ranked that school, more wealthy alumni stopped their donations.

"It's a lot to have on your conscience, believe me," said Harvey.

Actually, he has a lot of things besides football misdeeds weighing on his conscience. For instance, when he was writing for the *Daily Trojan* he was hanged an effigy by the USC marching band. He had reported that there had been such a poor turnout for the band that year that a lot of students had been hired just to lug instruments and march even though they couldn't play a note. Two of the three tuba players were fakes, he claimed.

"I'm irreverent, I guess," he said. "I don't know if I'm important enough to be an iconoclast. I was at USC when Gary Beban of UCLA threw two touchdown passes to beat us and it occurred to me afterward that I was going to be able to make it through life anyway."

continued

WORST OF THE WORST

1.	SYRACUSE	0-9-0
2.	TEXAS-EL PASO	0-7-0
3.	ARMY	0-5-0
4.	WAKE FOREST	1-8-0
5.	FLA. STATE	0-6-0
6.	IOWA	0-6-0
7.	COLUMBIA	1-2-1
8.	PRINCETON	1-3-0
9.	BRIGHAM YOUNG	1-4-0
10.	OREGON STATE	1-5-0

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Photographed at the Pump Room, Bath, England

What to wear to Bath

For the last 250 years, British society has made it a point to be seen regularly at the Pump Room in Bath, England. Look closely, and you'll see Austin Reed of Regent Street is there, too.

Sparked by a Tattersall vest, our trim Gray Flannel Sheffield suit features bold patch pockets

and deftly outlined lapels. Created by the right London designers, and tailored in the United States, it's properly suitable and very stylish whether you're in the Pump Room in Bath. Or the Pump Room in Chicago.

Italian Flannel by Austin Reed of Regent Street



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The Bottom 10 started in the *Daily Trojan* in the fall of 1965 ("It just occurred to me one day," says Harvey) and he took it with him to the Los Angeles *Herold-Examiner* when he got a part-time job there. The West Palm Beach *Post-Times* picked it up, then more Florida papers and finally, in 1970, it became syndicated. Harvey, who works full time now for the *Orlando* section of the *Los Angeles Times*, is reluctant to say how much he earned from the feature last year, but as salaries go it would qualify for the Bottom 10.

And there are some little satisfactions along with the trace letters and the saddened mommas and poppas. Like the Kansas State alumni on the *Topoka Capital Journal* who used to run over to the sports department on the day the Bottom 10 came in to see if their alma mater had made it. Alas, Kansas State, 4-2, has no chance this season.

But one of the nice things about sport is that there are always losers, and if Kansas State, Brown and Colorado State have defected, such teams as Syracuse, Army and Florida State have stumbled in to replace them.

"I have Syracuse as the worst on the basis of their athletic huddle," said Harvey last week. "I figure that they are spending more money per defeat than anyone else this year. They need a team transplant and I'm not going to hold my breath until they win a game. But there is also another important reason; inasmuch as the Bottom 10 is a parody of the Top 20 polls, I reserve the right for mine to be as inaccurate as theirs are."

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

EAST

1. PENN STATE (6-0)
2. PITT (3-2-1)
3. HARVARD (4-0)

It was an occasion for football historians, Notre Dame's first visit to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 51 years. Then the Irish wrote some more history by romping to the most lopsided score in the 68-year-

old series, 62-3. Curiously, Army scored first when Bob Johnson intercepted a Tom Clements pass to set up a 22-yard field goal by Jim Barclay, and led 3-0 at the end of the first quarter. It was a brief thrill, however, as the Thin Gray Line was quickly blown apart by the Irish running attack. Notre Dame scored four touchdowns in the second quarter and three more in the third. Clements squirmed through the Cadet defense on keepers, gaining 94 yards on nine carries, and Coach Ara Parseghian cleared his bench as the Irish coasted to their fifth straight.

At Syracuse, another ancient classic was renewed with a record drubbing as undefeated Penn State helped make Crash out of Orange Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's last year before retirement. Chris Bahr booted three field goals (one a 50-yarder) and six other Nutmeg Lions scored a touchdown apiece, including Tight End Don Natale, who grabbed a fumble by teammate Duane Taylor and raced 78 yards into the end zone. Penn State won 49-6, the highest score ever run up in this 51-year-old rivalry.

The longest college football winning streak in the country came to an end in New Brunswick, N.J. when Rutgers stunned Delaware 24-7. The nation's leading rusher, J. J. Jennings, added another 131 yards while the Scarlet Knights' defense stifled the usually volatile Blue Hen attack in the second half to pull away from a 7-7 halftime tie.

Pitt's Irishman running back, Tony Dorsett, scored twice and gained 109 yards as the Panthers blazed out a 28-14 win over Boston College. At Annapolis, Navy gained a leg on the Commander-in-Chief's Trophy for supremacy among the service academies, blurring Air Force before the flyboys could even get off the ground. Middle Quarterback Al Glenney kept everything shipshape with three touchdown passes, and Cleveland Cooper added three scores on runs of 39, 12 and two yards as Navy sailed away to a 28-0 halfling lead and coasted home 42-6.

The first big game of the Ivy League season took place in Ithaca, N.Y., and surprising Harvard, low-rated before the season, came out of it still surprising and still undefeated. The Crimson held off previously undefeated Cornell 21-15. The Cantab defense, having yielded only 313 yards total offense and 2.3 points per game, was ranked, statistically at least, as the best in the nation, but had to survive a statistical blitzkrieg by Mark Allen, Cornell's senior quarterback. Allen set three school passing records during a 21 for 51 afternoon, but did not hit on a scoring aerial until Harvard had locked up the game. Meanwhile Harvard Quarterback Jim Stoeckel deftly guided a solid ball-control offense with his opportunistic passing and rushing. Stoeckel hit 6 of 6 End Pat McNulty with a 10-yard scoring toss to give the Crimson a 7-0 first-quarter lead. Alky Tsiakas socked across from one yard out for

Harvard's second touchdown and Stoeckel himself, after the Big Red had closed to 14-9 in the fourth quarter, provided the clincher with a 10-yard touchdown scamper.

Dartmouth, once the king of the Ivies, finally won its first game of the season, beating Brown, at Providence, 28-16. The Bruins took an early 7-0 lead on a 48-yard field goal by Jose Viplante, but their high hopes for a first-ever Ivy League win over the Big Green were trampled in the second and third quarters when Dartmouth scored all its touchdowns. In New York, Yale caged the clueless Columbus Lions 29-0 with Brian Clarke kicking field goals of 47, 28 and 25 yards. In non-league action, Princeton whipped Colgate 37-21 as the loser's passing whir, Tom Parr, out with a first-quarter shin injury, watched glumly from the bench Penn struggled to a 27-20 win over Lehigh.

WEST

1. USC (5-0-1)
2. ARIZONA STATE (6-0)
3. UCLA (5-1)

Couch John McKay of Southern California is now using what might be called the Triple Tailback Formation, not three all at once, just one after the other. "We keep them fresh that way," said McKay after fullbacks Anthony Davis, Rod McNeil and Allen Carter had accumulated 227 yards rushing on 39 carries in the 31-10 pasting of Oregon at Los Angeles. "By doing this we also keep their friends and parents happy." When Davis, McNeil and Carter weren't running with the ball, Quarterback Pat Haden was throwing it. He hit on 13 of 23 passes for 240 yards and two touchdowns. Haden opened the scoring with a 35-yarder to Jake McKay, the coach's son, and closed it with a screen pass to Flanker Lynn Swann, who was spring loose by crimp blocking, then outdistanced Safety Tim Slapnicka in the end zone on a 55-yard play.

Up north in Spokane, heavily favored UCLA scored on four of Washington State's nine fumbles and put down the stubborn if sloppy Cougars 24-13. "The best 1-5 team in the country," said the Bruins' Pepper Rodgers when it was over. UCLA broke the game open in the third quarter when it scored three touchdowns, one on a 54-yard eruption by reserve Fullback Charlie Schulman. Kermit Johnson also pitched in with a big day for UCLA. He scored twice on short plunges and gained 92 yards rushing. His career total of 1,992 yards has now surpassed Kenny Washington's old school mark of 1,915.

In Seattle, a boozing, rain-soaked crowd of 51,500 watched Stanford take a 16-0 lead,

continued

then survive a fourth-quarter Washington revival to win 23-14. The Cardinals tipped Skip Boyd's 22-yard field goal attempt late in the game that would have put the Huskies ahead, and Stanford clinched the win with a pass interception with less than a minute to go. The final Pacific Eight Conference game of the day went to California, by 24-14 over Oregon State.

In the Western Athletic Conference, Arizona State, playing a rare daylight game, ripped out yardage in huge, greedy bites as the Sun Devils demolished Brigham Young 52-12. Quarterback Danny White and Running Back Woody Green were served a feast by the BYU defense. White hit on 17 of 25 passes for 301 yards and three touchdowns, ate a 77-yard muscle in Wingback Morris Owens, and Green gobbled up 128 yards rushing on 17 carries to push the nation's best major school winning streak to 11.

The scoring was explosive in the rest of the WAC as well. In Tucson, Texas Tech outscrambled Arizona, handing the Wildcats their first loss in six games, 31-17. New Mexico enjoyed a breather in its own den, clear desert air at Albuquerque, snuffing out Texas-El Paso 49-0.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (6-0)
2. LSU (6-0)
3. TENNESSEE (5-1)

While Alabama and Tennessee were tearing at each other in Birmingham (post-28), LSU survived a wild one at home in Baton Rouge against Kentucky, keeping its record clean. The Bengal defense scored on the very first play of the game when Cornerback Mike Williams pounced on an end-zone fumble by Wideout Tarback Sonny Collins, but it took some more bravura work by Williams in the closing moments to preserve a 28-21 win. Kentucky rebounded from that opening-play disaster, getting three quick touchdowns, two of them on long scoring strikes from Quarterback Mike Fannuzzi to Elmore Stephens (63 yards) and Fred Bishop (31 yards). Then the home side pulled itself together with a 74-yard scoring march just before halftime to make it 21-14, crept within a point on a 53-yard drive following the second-half kickoff, and finally regained the lead for good on a nine-yard touchdown sweep by Richard Roman to climax a fourth-quarter drive. Kentucky made several furious attempts to even things, but each time the LSU defense, led by Williams, turned the Wildcats aside.

It was the third quarter and Vanderbilt's Hawkins Golden had just hit on a 47-yard field goal and now Barry Burton had pun-

ed 79 yards to the Georgia one-yard line. "I could sense that the players knew something big was about to happen," Commodore Coach Steve Sloan said later. What happened was that Vandy, a 17-point underdog, was about to overcome an early 14-3 Bulldog lead and score a stunning 18-14 upset before the delicious homefolks at Nashville. Georgia scored first, after a short march of 34 yards, on a one-yard keeper by Quarterback Andy Johnson, then scored again, after a 36-yard Golden field goal, on a 45-yard Johnson to Horace King pass. But in the second half Golden and Burton really put the boot to the Bulldogs. In Vandy's first possession following his devastating punt, Burton scooped in a 15-yard touchdown pass from Fred Fisher. In the fourth quarter Golden added field goals three and four, from 24 and 38 yards, to give the Commodores their first win over Georgia since 1961.

In another Southeastern Conference dogfight at Atlanta, Auburn scored on some fortuitous bounces to hand Georgia Tech a 24-10 setback. With his team trailing 10-7 in the second quarter, Auburn's Milt Jackson retrieved a wild pitchout that had been thrown behind him, reversed directions and ran 25 yards to the Tech four, setting up his own touchdown from two yards out. With his team leading 17-10 in the fourth quarter, the Tigers' Chris Linderman fumbled into the Tech end zone, but the ball was recovered for a touchdown by teammate Chris Vaccarella, the freshman quarterback who had handed Linderman the ball when the play first began 18 yards upfield.

Mississippi edged Florida 13-10 on two field goals by Steve Lavingtonne and a late-game scoring pass of eight yards from Quarterback Bill Mulickoff to Flanker Rick Kambrough, which was deflected by not one but two Gator defenders.

"It sure feels good to be five and 0" whooped Tulane junior Tom Furrner after the Greenies had shut out North Carolina 16-0 and vaulted off to the school's fastest start since the 1934 team began its season with six straight wins. Tulane took the opening kickoff and marched 49 yards to a touchdown. Doug Bynum, who scored twice, carried it over from six yards out. Tulane then spent most of the rest of the night pounding on the Tar Heel goal line with only moderate results. "It was our best game of the year," conceded Coach Bonnie Ellender, "but I think we need work on our short game."

Elsewhere in the Southland, Richmond beat West Virginia 38-17, Clemson whopped Duke 24-8, South Carolina rallied Ohio U. 38-22, and Maryland elbowed Wake Forest 37-0. Houston had a surprisingly easy time with Miami, blasting the Hurricanes in the Orange Bowl 40-7. The Cougars broke open a 7-7 tie during one dizzying 20-second spell in the third quarter. They scored the go-ahead touchdown when Reggie Cher-

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ry hooked on to a deflected pass from Quarterback D.C. Nobles, and scored again by following a fumble recovery of the ensuing kickoff at the Miami 21. A Nobles pass and a one-yard burst by Leonard Parker did it.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (5-0)
2. MICHIGAN (6-0)
3. OKLAHOMA (4-0-1)

Ohio State continues to dispatch opponents in the Big Ten and the Buckeyes enjoy doing it with a club rather than a rapier. This time the 97-pound weakling was Indiana — by 17-7. Quarterback Cory Greene proved only once, for a 12-yard gain, as his offense pounded out 367 yards along the ground. Of course, with the elusive Archie Griffin in your backfield, why throw? The sophomore tailback backed out 170 yards on 25 carries and was ably matched by Fullback Bruce Eila, who kicked the Indiana defense around for another 123 yards and two touchdowns. The Hoosiers needed out a small measure of revenge late in the game against the Buckeye subs, scoring on a 51-yard rattle-dazzle end-around pass from Mike Flanagan to Trent Smock, but then Coach Woody Hayes just hijacked them one more time. He rushed Griffin and Eila back in and the Buckeyes thundered 80 yards for their final score.

At Ann Arbor, Michigan gave up points for the first time in four games but sailed blithely forward to its ultimate destiny — the Big Ten championship game with Ohio State Nov. 24. The Wolverines pulverized Wisconsin 35-6. Their first score came on a 46-yard pass from Dennis Franklin to Paul Seal, but the ground game, rolling up 415 yards, set the tone. "We were a little better offensively," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembecker. "I think Franklin is beginning to come around."

In other Big Ten games, Minnesota beat Iowa 31-23, Purdue topped Northwestern 21-10 and Illinois noded out Michigan State on two field goals by Don Beaver 6-3.

In the Mid-American, Miami of Ohio scored a surprising rout over Bowling Green 31-8. Kent State outscored Eastern Michigan 34-20 and, in non-league games, Toledo beat Dayton 14-10 and Western Michigan swept past Marshall 21-7.

The game at Lincoln promised to be a classic quarterback duel, David Hamm of Nebraska vs. David Jaynes of Kansas. Instead it turned out to be a clash of frustration vs. ineptitude. Missed extra points, critical lost fumbles and a disastrous pass interception framed the theme of the Cornhuskers' lurching, 10-9 win over the Jayhawks. Hamm pined hardy at all, completing four of sev-

en and sitting out most of the second half when Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne inverted running Quarterback Steve Rutter. Jaynes was something less than a showstopper, completing only 10 of 32 passes for 90 yards. Nebraska was first on the scoreboard with a 15-play, 85-yard march. Kansas came back following a Nebraska fumble, scoring on a 26-yard field goal by Bob Swift, who kicks barefoot, and then again on a seven-yard DeVan Williams run after another Cornhusker fumble. But Swift blew the extra-point try. The winner's margin came early in the fourth quarter when Nebraska's Rich Sanger hit on a 28-yard field goal try after Linebacker Bob Nelson had picked off a Jaynes pass and earned it back to the Kansas 16.

No one would say that Missouri thrives on squeakers, but it does win them and the Tigers are still undefeated after a successful 13-9 struggle with Oklahoma State, at home in Columbia. The Cowboys seemed determined to play Mr. Nice Guy. Three times they fumbled the ball away to set up all of Missouri's scoring. But the winner's most successful offensive move of the day was a 70-yard march that failed. The Tigers had fashioned a 13-3 lead on a 35-yard John Cherry to Jim Sharp pass and two Greg Hill field goals, when it took possession on its own 20 midway through the fourth period. Five and a half minutes later the Missouri drive died at the OSU one, but so did the Cowboy chances. They had time enough for only one touchdown march and when an outside kick failed the Tigers ran out the clock to win.

Kansas State had a close one in the Big Eight, too, getting by Iowa State at Manhattan 21-19, but Oklahoma had an easy time in Norman against Colorado 34-7. Sooner Safety Randy Hughes turned the game around early in the second quarter, picking off a Clyde Crutcher pass, returning it 95 yards for a touchdown and a 14-7 Oklahoma lead just when it seemed the Buffaloes would go ahead.

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (6-0)
2. SMU (4-1)
3. TEXAS (3-2)

Poor Arkansas! There the squad was, all suited up for a friendly game of football and what it got instead before a record crowd at Razorback Stadium was a public going Longhorn style. Football hath no fury like a team humiliated, and Texas, all but drawn and quartered by Oklahoma the week before, was determined to save face, to take its frustrations out on the first thing that moved. Poor Arkansas, alas, moved.

Or rather it tried to move. The Razorbacks

threatened, but once when they drove to a fourth-and-one situation on the Texas five early in the first quarter. But the Longhorn defense, led by Doug English and Glen Gaspard, stopped Dickey Munson cold on a pitchout, and Arkansas never figured offensively again. Texas, meanwhile, savored every long, grinding, revengeful moment of a 94-yard scoring drive that endured for nine minutes, 57 seconds and gave the Longhorns a 6-0 lead at halftime.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: LSU Cornerback Mike Williams scored on an end-zone fumble recovery in his team's 28-21 win over Kentucky, then stopped late Wildcat attacks by forcing a second fumble, intercepted a pass and broke up another.

THE LINEMAN: "We believe in ourselves now," Vanderbilt's sophomore Linebacker Tom Galt-horn was able to say after he had helped the Commodores upset heavily favored Georgia 18-14 with eight tackles and four assists.

The second half was pure Longhorn stampede. Junior Fullback Roosevelt Lewis, romping for touchdown runs of 43 and 59 yards, amassed a runaway total of 209 yards on 24 carries. Jimmy Moore scored on a 73-yard punt return, and an unheralded freshman, Raymond Clayborn, added six more points on an 85-yard scamper. In losing 34-6, the hapless Razorbacks did some belated face-saving of their own — and avoided their first Texas shutout since 1957 — when Rollen Smith recovered a blocked punt in the Longhorn end zone with 13 seconds left.

In his first five starts this season Texas A&M Quarterback Mike Jay was threatening to break a school mark the wrong kind of mark. Jay's 11 interceptions were closing in on the Aggie record of 19 so swiftly, in fact, that for last week's game with TCU, A&M Coach Emory Bellard replaced Jay, a seasoned ex-marine, with the youngest Aggie of them all, 17-year-old freshman David Walker. Walker coolly rose to the moment, directing the Aggies' T-bone attack to a 35-16 win over TCU. Walker, who ran for 81 yards, second only to Aggie sophomore Skip Walker's (no relation) 122 yards, threw no interceptions, perhaps mainly because he threw so little. Of the 364 yards the Aggies rolled up in total offense, all but 11 were on the ground.

SMU edged Rice 27-16 with the help of two high school teammates from Dallas. Freshman Ricky Wesson, who took over at quarterback when Keith Bobo was injured, gained 107 yards, and Wayne Morris earned his way to 166 yards and three touchdowns. It was SMU's fourth win in five starts.

END

No oil for troubled waters

Little Annapolis, Md. awoke last week and shook itself with relief. Not since they burned the brig *Peggy Stewart* to protest tea taxes in 1774 had the town been rocking to such an uproar. On one flank was homecoming at the Naval Academy. On the other flank a crowd decked out in white flannels, gold-buckled loafers and turtle-neck sweaters hit the U.S. Powerboat Show on the waterfront, the largest exhibition of its kind, where there were 250 new boats ranging from a 68-foot, \$350,000 floating Taj Mahal from Chris-Craft to a mighty mite called the Vega 30, price \$30,000.

All in all it was the most sumptuous array of powercraft ever put on review on a single stretch of American water. Fishermen, cruisers, runabouts, trawlers—above all, trawlers. Although they have a Tugboat Annie look about them, trawlers are drawing increasing attention with their no-nonsense practicality and sturdiness. Unfortunately, they are also inducing a few unscrupulous manufacturers to stick trawler-type tops on cruiser-style bottoms in their hurry to get aboard the bandwagon. This is akin to fastening a truck cab onto a Formula 1 racing car chassis.

The proprietors of the extravaganza were Peter Carroll and Jerry Wood, the pair that launched the in-the-water concept with sailboats several years ago. Last year they had a go with motorboats but, not too cleverly, they emphasized the word "yacht" in promotional spels. The play frightened off powerboat men, who stayed away in droves, apparently in the belief that snobs were in charge. This year the people came out, but despite the brightly striped marquees and sparkling hulls there was an undercurrent of nervousness. About fuel.

True, powerboat sales are soaring and one could hear words from such as Nina Vogt, an industry spokesman, that "our contacts in the four corners of the U.S. report no great gas shortages." The plain fact is that it is not easy to get all the fuel one might want. Indeed, mention of the gas shortage at the show caused fac-

es to go somber and hands to tremble.

Chris-Craft's elegant 68-footer motored from her building site at Holland, Mich. to Annapolis, and was limited to 100 gallons of diesel fuel at most mannas. Since she burns 50 gallons an hour, Captain Tom Routh was forced to stop time and again to keep the tanks safely topped up. At one place he was refused fuel altogether.

The prettiest boat in the show, the Wasque 32 out of Vineyard Haven, Mass., also came in under her own steam. "I was refused fuel at Stamford, Conn. and also Oyster Bay, N.Y.," said David C. Thompson, president of the company that builds this fiber-glass takeoff on a downcast lobsterman. "I finally got some gas at City Island near New York, but I had to slip the guy 10 bucks."

Among other crisis stories told at Annapolis was the case of Pier 66 in Fort Lauderdale, which pumps more than one million gallons of gas and diesel oil a year. Fuel ran short in June. Since then, Manna Manager Ronald Stroud has played his steady customers on a precautionary quota.

While Pier 66 probably sells more fuel than any other manna on the East Coast, West River Marina off Chesapeake Bay prides itself on trying harder. Last Memorial Day, one of the busiest weekends of the season, West River suddenly found itself out of gas while boats impatiently queued up at the dock.

"I called up Phillips 66," said Owner David Radack angrily, "but all they told me was I'd used up my allotment. I found another source. Don't ask me where. I have no problem now."

But others do. Some mannas now restrict boats to two gallons of fuel per foot of length per visit to the pumps. Others refuse any but old customers. While still others will sell only to members of yacht clubs. Traderable boats, meanwhile, fill up at gas stations on land rather than run the risk of being starved on the water.

And so some powerboat companies have begun to look for answers before

the shortage burns sales. At Chris-Craft for example, they are emphasizing gas-saving hulls like a 25-foot tournament fishing boat displayed at Annapolis.

The hit of the show, all things considered, was the Vega 30, a shipshape little packet as anyone has seen in decades. Though she measures merely 30 feet in length, the Vega gives the impression of being quite a bit more boat than that. She may be steered from a snug wheelhouse or from an on-deck station, and not only does she boast hot and cold running water but a shower, too.

The Vega is doing her bit to defuse the energy crisis, for the Navigator model is a true motor sailer with 340 square feet of sail to back up a fuel-slingy powerplant. To achieve sailboat stability she has 4,000 pounds of ballast stuffed into her keel to balance the press of a sloop rig. Her range under power is 600 miles, under sail virtually limitless, since no one has yet contrived a wind crisis.

Another slant came from Brad Hodgkins, international sales manager of Hatteras. Power yachts of 36 to 70 feet plow from Hatteras molds in North Carolina. All are swank, all gulp gas. So Hatteras has a deep interest in how much fuel there is to go around. Recently Hodgkins circulated a memo to company officials suggesting that Hatteras consider developing not another speed merchant but a slower, less thirsty yacht.

The Hatteras 53-footer, he pointed out, is typically bought by families whose summers revolve around a single major cruise. Frequently it is not a lengthy trip, perhaps no farther than from New York to Block Island, a distance of 125 miles. Since the 53 cruises at 18 knots, she would reach Block Island five hours sooner than, say, a boat plodding along at 10 knots. "Yet," says Hodgkins, "weigh this against the fact that the 10-knot boat would burn only one-third as much fuel. The time saving looks pretty insignificant."

While the scarcity of fuel was the immediate worry of powerboatmen at Annapolis, there was unease and confusion over what the future might or should hold in regard to waste disposal and engine-emission controls. Discussing the latter, one boat salesman growled, "They're not O.K. on my car. They're not O.K. for my boat. And Ralph Nader can go emission himself, if you want my opinion."

END

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New immigration policy: sign a Swede

To arrest its ignominious backward slide, Toronto has daringly reached out to Europe for fresh talent—and has discovered that its imports not only can take the NHL's punishment but can dish it out as well

Why was Harold Ballard, the mired president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, smiling so happily in his office sauna last week? Well, for one thing there were no saunas at Milhaven Penitentiary, where the 70-year-old Ballard had spent the previous 52 weeks while serving a sentence for theft and fraud. For another, the Maple Leafs, who plunged from fourth place to an ignominious sixth during Ballard's incarceration, had defeated the lordly Stanley Cup champion Canadians 5-3 the night before in Montreal, right there on national television. But Ballard had some even better reasons for his smile-as-you-swear sejourner. In that Montreal game Paul Henderson was again playing like the Paul Henderson who had singlehandedly destroyed the Russians for Team Canada a year ago, prize rookie Lanny McDonald from Medicine Hat, Alberta busted off the bench to score the winning goal, and Ballard's two Swedish imports, Defenseman Borge Salming and Left Wing Inge Hammarstrom, were performing with more talent, poise and verve than their Canadian chauvinist detractors thought possible. As Salming likes to tell everyone in his halting English, "We are not chicken Swedes."

All things considered, last year was a total washout for the Maple Leafs. Besides losing Ballard to the jailhouse, they also lost two of their best players, Goal-tender Bernie Parent and tough Center Jim Harrison, to the World Hockey Association, and when Henderson returned from his Team Canada heroics he was emotionally incapable of playing up to his ability. "It was absolutely brutal," said Henderson, who scored two goals against the Canadians in last week's game. "I was getting 200 calls a day at home—and I had an unlisted number. I couldn't even pull up to a stop sign without getting mobbed by people. How could I possibly think of playing hock-

ey? I scored only four goals in my first 18 games. That was ridiculous. Now the pressure and the publicity have died down at last, and I hope things will return to normal."

As the Leafs sagged in the East Division their demanding fans turned against them by either failing to show up for games with expansion teams or simply cheering for the opposition—even, egad, the hated Canadians. "It seemed that we played 78 road games and no home games," complained one disgruntled Maple Leaf. Down at Milhaven, Ballard sensed the public's reaction to his inept hockey team and fired off this message to General Manager Jim Gregory: "Spend all the money you want, but get me a team that can win the Stanley Cup."

Like pro football's George Allen in

Washington, Gregory quickly overspent his unlimited budget and completely overhauled the Leafs by bringing in a new coach, Red Kelly, and 10 new regulars, including five rookies and three tested goalenders. The rookies: Eddie Johnston from Boston, Doug Favell from Philadelphia and Darr Wilson from Vancouver—each salaries totaling more than \$300,000, but at least, as Henderson says, "We know we've got good goal-tending for a change." Three of the rookies: Salming, 22, Jan Tumbull, 20, and Bob Neely, 19—play regularly on defense, and both Hammarstrom, 25, and McDonald, 20, have won starting jobs on the wings. With the accomplished veterans Dave Keen (37 goals last season), Rick Kehoe, Darryl Sittler, Ron Ellis, Seim Ullman and Henderson already in

—GARY WATKINS



SWEDISH WING INGE HAMMARSTROM DECKS CANADIAN LARRY ROBINSON BEHIND NET

the lineup, the Leafs do not lack scoring power. "All we need now are a tough center and a tough wing," Ballard says, "and then we'll have a legitimate contender. I've told Gregory to go and get them at any cost."

Which may mean another raid on Sweden. For years the NHL ignored Europe as a source of playing talent, claiming that Europeans were not combative enough to survive the punishment of the NHL. On the rare occasions when a foreign player did appear at an NHL training camp, he was cruelly harassed. Sven Tumba, probably the best player Sweden has ever produced, received a brief try-out with the Boston Bruins in the late 1950s. "I watched their games," he said, "and they never dared treat the players on the other team the same way they treated me in the practices."

The NHL rediscovers Sweden last year when it was confronted by the realities of a talent gap caused by its too-rapid expansion and the appearance of the rival WHA. Detroit signed a young defenseman, Tommie Bergman, and he became a regular. Then Team Canada's NHL All-Stars barely managed a victory and a tie with a Swedish team that included Hammarstrom and Salming, and it was obvious that some Swedes could play in the NHL as well as, if not better than, many of the Canadian-born professionals.

"Actually we knew all along just how good the Swedes were," Gregory says, "but it is unbelievably difficult to get them out of the country. We have to negotiate their release from their local team, which is an expensive proposition." The Red Wings paid \$35,000 for the rights to Bergman, and this year another \$35,000 for Tord Lundstrom, a forward who is sidelined at present with a shoulder injury. The Buffalo Sabres have been negotiating for several months to acquire the release of Tommy Abrahamsson, considered the best defenseman in Sweden.

Oddly enough, in this age of computer scouting in hockey, Salming and Hammarstrom both were led to the Maple Leafs by a Toronto businessman, Bob Woods, who often visits Sweden. "We were looking for goaltenders," Gregory says, "and Woods suggested that a fellow named Leif Holmquist might help us. At the same time he mentioned Hammarstrom and Salming and said he thought they could make the Maple

Leafs without any special problem."

Gregory dispatched Gerry McNamara, a former goaltender who now scouts for Toronto, to Sweden last December. "He called me one day at 3 a.m. Toronto time," Gregory says, "and gave me a complete rundown on Hammarstrom and Salming. I asked him how he would relate them to the players available in the amateur draft in June. He assured me that both Hammarstrom and Salming would be picked high in the first round." Gregory then sent his chief scout, Bob Davidson, to inspect the Swedes at the world championships last



BORGE SALMING EXCELS ON DEFENSE

April in Moscow. When Davidson concurred with McNamara's assessment, Gregory began flexing his checkbook. To get both men the Maple Leafs reportedly had to pay \$100,000 to their Swedish team. "Whatever it was," Ballard says, "it was money well spent."

Despite their Swedish reputations, Hammarstrom and Salming still had to convince their new coach, Red Kelly. "What concerned me most," Kelly says, "was whether they'd be able to adjust to our style of hockey. Then I saw them skate and many of my doubts disappeared. They did things with their feet that you can't teach players. Why, they used their feet like another hockey stick." Kelly has been particularly impressed with Salming, Toronto's best defense-

man in the season's opening stages. "He has great anticipation," Kelly says, "and he is an outstanding shot-blocker. When he goes down for a shot he doesn't stay on the ice, rather, like a lot of players do. He bounces right up and gets back into the play." Against the Canadiens Salming saved a likely Montreal goal when he sprawled in front of a Jacques Lemaire bullet fired from 10 feet away and caught the puck in his stomach. "I've got to ask Salming someday if he was a figure skater as a boy," Kelly says. "When he makes a turn on the ice, he does it with the style of a figure skater, moving his upper body first, not his legs."

As Hammarstrom and Salming anticipated, the NHL's tough guys have tried to intimidate them. In an exhibition game, Cowboy Jett of the Philadelphia Flyers warned Hammarstrom, "Touch the puck, Swede, and I'll break your arm." Hammarstrom, a 5'11" 180-pounder, told Jett where to go and skated away with the puck. Salming, strong and rawboned at 6'1" and 190 pounds, has been a particular target. Ed Van Impe of the Flyers speared him in an exhibition game, then broke his stick while spearing him in the stomach again during the second game of the season in Philadelphia. "He told everyone it was an accident," Salming says, "but I know and he knows—it wasn't." Dave Schultz, the No. 1 Flyer tough, called Salming "Chicken Swede" after Salming crashed him into the boards with a legal check. Schultz then waved his stick in Salming's face; in turn, Salming knocked Schultz's stick to the ice. "It is all part of the game with rookies," Salming says resignedly.

Hammarstrom finds the NHL game more disciplined than he anticipated. "In Europe there is more skating, more passing," he says. "Right now I skate around the ice too much. I must learn to go up and down my wing like the others. For me, that makes it more difficult to play here."

What bothers Hammarstrom most about the NHL is the prospect of boredom as the season grinds on. "In Sweden, hockey was our hobby, not our lives," he says. "I worked in an office from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m., and Borge was a full-time student at a technical school. We practised at night and played two games a week—on Thursdays and Sundays. We never had time to get bored. Here all we do is play and live hockey, and that will not be easy."

END

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photographed separately under controlled lighting. XL-100 console shown, model GS725.

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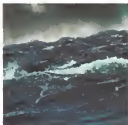
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This summer English cricket suffered its most disastrous defeat. At the same time the game reached its highest level of popularity since World War II. The visiting West Indian test (international) team trounced England in the three-game series by two games and a draw. The English captain, Ray Illingworth, was dismissed in one inning without even scoring a run, yet Lord's Cricket Ground had the full-house sign up.

The reason for the massive defeat and the soaring popularity is the same—foreign players. Out of 300 players in English first-class cricket, no more than 70 are foreign born. Nevertheless they dominate the batting averages; last year the list was headed by four foreign-born players, this season seven of the top 10 were foreign. Last year's champion county, Warwickshire, owed its success to four West Indian players; this season, these players joined the West Indian side in the test series, and Warwickshire finished far down in the standings.

The fire and attack of the players imported from the old commonwealth are transforming the game in the country that invented it, contributing to the success of one-day matches, which have attracted television money and commercial sponsorship. The shortened matches, in which each side is limited to a fixed number of bowling overs, are ideal for TV. They discourage defensive play and put a premium on fast bowling and spectacular batting. They also attract a different type of fan. Three- and five-day matches are watched by people with money and leisure, not the workingman, for whom soccer has always been the sport.

After the doldrums of the '50s, when the prevailing practice of slow defensive play nearly killed the game with boredom, the English county clubs lacked the young players needed to supply the fast game demanded by television and one-day matches. They began hiring West Indian immigrants and signing up other talent in the Caribbean. In the process they discovered a whole new market of fans among the local West Indian population. Cricket in their native countries no longer has any snobbish overtones. It is the game of the workingman, and cricketing skill is one of the best assets a slum boy from Kingston, Jamaica or Georgetown, Guyana can employ in working his way up. The immigrants brought this attitude to the game when

Swing to an Indies beat

they came to England. Now it appears to be infecting the British. People from noncricketing countries tend to regard cricket as the essence of dreariness and a useful pointer to the character of the phlegmatic British. But just as English soccer is degenerating into tedious defensive play, English cricket may reassert itself and overturn the old cliché.

Though the foreign players have revived the game in one respect, their presence and style have had a doleful effect on the quality of English cricketers. Because of the dominance of the foreigners there are few promising English-born players maturing at the moment. The average age of the English test team balloons progressively. In the face of this, the attitude of the English selectors is mystifying. For example, for the English tour of the West Indies, which begins next February, they have dropped John Snow, in the opinion of most fans England's only fast bowler of any ability. The reasons are unclear and may not be solely connected with Snow's cricketing talents.

All of which adds up to an unhappy West Indian test tour. The weak English team will face enormous and vociferous crowds and its batsmen will be confronted by lethal high-bouncing balls, coming at a speed of around 80 mph.

The English players had a bad enough summer. West Indian supporters flooded in from the ghettos of London and Birmingham to cheer on their side. English crowds once would never have hurled insults at players and umpires; the West Indians are teaching them how to do it. English fans used to let the players wander off the field at the end of a day's play to a sedate ripple of applause. This season the players had to sprint frantically to the clubhouse to avoid the mob storming across the pitch. Significantly, by the second day of the first test, while children were running on the pitch, too, something never seen before. By the end of the first test England had lost by 158 runs. A cross section of the British Establishment, including Sir Alec Douglas-

Home, the Foreign Secretary and former president of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and Robert Carr, the Home Secretary, watched the series gloomily as armed bodyguards stood by peering about for IRA bombers. Once upon a time the scene would have been described as "not cricket."

And once upon a time it would have been regarded as not decent to have betting tents on the field. But Cyril Sten, the chairman of the bookmaking firm, Ladbrokes, had noticed that West Indian fans like to bet on every facet of the game and he cashed in during the test matches by setting up betting facilities behind the stands. Roughly the equivalent of a slot machine in Westminster Abbey, but the English crowds were quick to catch on.

Though the English children in the crowds were happy to join in the West Indian approach, the cricketing Establishment tended to view the full-blooded attitude of the fans with alarm. There were stiff-lipped mutterings after the second test when the West Indian captain protested some decisions of Umpire Arthur Fagg. The mutterings grew into shouts after the third test, when an English batsman, Geoff Boycott, was slightly jostled and jeered as he left the field after a poor performance. No poorer than England's as a whole in that test, lost by an inning and 226 runs.

So English cricket declines and flourishes at the same time. The most encouraging sign for the future is the growth of street cricket in the slums where soccer has reigned supreme. The Lords Taverners, a rich and influential cricketing association, thinks street cricket important enough to give funds for coaching and equipment. The hope is that, just as in days past most English test cricketers were nurtured in the balmy pastures of expensive private schools, so the next generation will come from the immigrant ghettos and municipal housing projects.

Meanwhile, England can cheer in one direction. Their team has just won the women's world championship. **END**

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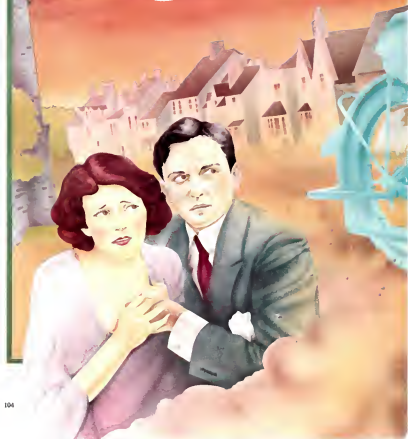


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Shades of Old Sports





Harken this Halloween to those ghostly athletes from beyond the grave: the motorcycle racer of Surrey, the phantom of oldtime games, the wraiths that go bump (and run) in the night **by Jeannette Bruce**

CONTINUED

Shades roundtable

What beek'n'ing ghost, along the moonlight shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

—ALEXANDER POPE

The night is chill. Winter hovers like a phantom, not yet visible but there, its breath pushing leaves against the door. Lights behind draperies across the way look not bright nor inviting but murky, wavering slightly as the mist lifts and then slowly settles. It is Halloween, Walpurgis Night, All Souls' Eve; a night for ghost stories over mulled wine before the fire.

Larry Jenkins is young and he has that sort of please-don't-con-me attitude with which so many kids face the world today. The last thing he expected was to have his skepticism, his modern cynicism, shattered by an experience with the occult. Larry works for board and room and a little pin money at Pinkham Notch, N.H., in the heart of the White Mountains, where the Appalachian Mountain Club runs a camp for skiers and climbers.

Behind the AMC huts looms Mt. Washington, highest peak (6,288 feet) in the Presidential Range. On the summit stand a weather observatory, a broadcasting station and a few odd buildings for tourist accommodation. At night there are five men manning the observatory and occasionally there is one other, usually a student, caretaking in one of the other buildings. Otherwise, the summit is deserted. Or is it?

Strange, inexplicable things have occurred on the summit and elsewhere, Larry begins. Such happenings are blamed on the Gook, ghost of the White Mountains. The Gook is not a visible ghost, but he makes his presence felt in a variety of ways. There was the night seven pork chops disappeared mysteriously from a padlocked refrigerator—which might be funny were it not for the price of meat. And there was the berserk behavior of a playful kitten that suddenly stared intently at the closed lavatory door moments before a toilet flushed, though all water had been drained at the end of the season.

The Gook also has been charged with dislodging—sometime between midnight and dawn in the dead of winter—a memorial plaque that was bolted and cemented into a slab of granite. Vandals

had to be dismissed. The temperature was 40° below zero that night. Besides, said Larry, "there was no sign of tools, no footprints and the snow around the plaque had not been disturbed."

On the day of his own experience, the morning had dawned bright and clear and sunny. Though it was toward the end of April there was still enough snow in the mountains for skiing. Then about dusk the weather turned bad. When one of the skiers had not returned by night-

fall, Mountain Rescue went after him.

Larry was at the foot of the mountain when they brought the skier down. He had apparently missed the track and fallen to his death 1,500 feet below. "It was the first time I have ever seen a . . . well, you know. I was depressed and I sort of walked around trying to get the image out of my mind. Finally, I started for my room upstairs in the main building. As I walked down the corridor, which has bare floors, I heard footsteps behind me.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS FAULKNER



They still set out a post of ale at Sunderland for the spirit that enjoys a bell.

But when I looked over my shoulder there was no one there.

"I locked the door to my room and, because I was feeling so low, I decided to light the candle that stands on a small table in the center of my room. The wick was so deeply embedded in the wax that I finally gave up trying to loosen it and went to bed. I remember lying there in the dark. About four a.m. I woke up, aware that something was flickering against the ceiling. Still half asleep, I turned on my side facing out into the room. I realized dimly that the candle was burning—then I fell asleep. In the morning I thought I must have dreamt it, but when I went to look at the candle it was burned almost all the way down. I can't explain it. I can only tell you that I did not light that candle."

Wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne, "There is a fatality, a feeling so irresistible and inevitable that it has the force of doom, which almost invariably compels human beings to linger around and haunt ghost-like, the spot where some great and marked event has given the color to their lifetime." Eric Maple, a pioneer in demonology who explains ghosts as reflections of the human mind, states that "the best authenticated phenomenon of history is the ghost. . . and purely on statistical grounds alone the case for its existence has been securely established."

There are, in the recorded annals of ghostlore, enough White Ladies and Gray Ladies gliding around to populate a small harem. Criminals clunk their chains, carriages arrive and depart (usually into thin air) driven by headless coachmen, and there are enough phantoms reportedly flitting about with severed heads tucked under their arms to start a bowling competition. Observes Maple in his study *The Realm of Ghosts*: "The ghosts of the slain retain the disturbing habit of returning to the world in the bloody state in which they met their deaths. They are sometimes seen hovering over the sites of all but forgotten massacres, old battlefields or torture chambers, where they wander eternally, howling desolately, searching for their scattered bones and attempting to invoke the sympathy of the wayfarer toward their plight. It never seems to occur to these demented creatures of the night that a less dramatic approach would be

infinitely more successful, for they invariably defeat their object by driving away in terror the very ones whose aid they seek."

In the vast array of apparitions clamoring for attention there is a growing number of what might be termed "sporting ghosts," often still out there on the playing fields, reenacting those last moments of glory, or returning perhaps to settle a score long since forgotten. Like his historical counterpart, the sporting ghost was robbed, so to speak, his existence cut off without warning, before the final whistle.

That there are any American ghosts, sporting or otherwise, is a bit surprising. Two hundred years of history is hardly enough to produce a respectable spook, and those we have tend to be either fabricated, explained scientifically or dismissed in Freudian terms. America's ghosts, lacking historical documentation, run to ships sighted through the mists of Maine, a resentful Indian or two and those run to ground by imaginative ghost hunters. Still, there are a few worth shuddering over.

Consider the case of young James Heyward, one of America's oldest ghosts of record. Young Heyward lived in a fine old house in Charleston, S.C., a city that, incidentally, has more ghosts than you can shake a night-light at. James Heyward set off to go hunting one bright morning in 1805 and became the victim of his own gun, which accidentally discharged as he leaned down from the saddle to quiet his dogs. His sister swore that she had seen James at midday (the time of the accident) sitting in his dark green coat and hunting hat at the desk in the library, his head resting on one hand. She had even spoken to him, surprised to see him back from the hunt so early, with words to the effect of, "What are you doing here?" James apparently could not explain what he was doing there, and promptly vanished. But he did not vanish forever.

Some years later an elderly man who had bought the house saw a man seated at the desk in the library, dressed in a dark green coat. Taking him for an intruder, the old man crept out into the hall to get a weapon, but when he returned the stranger had vanished. Not long ago tenants currently occupying the house had occasion to send for a doctor



The boy had an eerie recall of tragedy on Everet.

when their child fell ill. A servant passing the library glanced in and saw a young man in a dark green coat sitting in the library and reported that the doctor had arrived. When the father of the child entered the room to greet him, there was no one there.

South Carolina's most charitable ghost is probably the Gray Man of Pawleys Island. The Gray Man appears just before a hurricane, it is said, and the late Bill Collins, an automobile dealer from Georgetown who was on the island with his wife in October 1954, saw the Gray Man walking on the beach about a week before Hazel hit. While houses within a block of Collins' place were demolished and washed away in the storm, the Collins house escaped unharmed. The legend is that no harm comes to those who see the Gray Man.

Not everyone sees ghosts, of course—only those with a finely attuned or highly developed psychic sense. Children, cats, dogs and horses seem to have built-in receivers. About 20 years ago in the pastures of Virginia there was a psychic

continued

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Shades

horse named Lady Wonder. Lady Wonder required only a stall full of hay to keep her content while she amazed skeptical investigators by solving simple arithmetic problems and answering all sorts of questions put to her. Lady Wonder did this by pushing disks around with her nose.

A district attorney from Massachusetts consulted Lady Wonder about a local mystery he had been unable to solve. Sure enough, the horse made with the disks, and in less time than it takes to run the Derby, the D.A. had his answer. He was reluctant to let it be known that he had consulted a horse—but once the news got out Lady Wonder became famous. Lady Wonder has long since gone to that Great Pasture in the Sky, where she is no doubt boring Man o'War with smart-aleck predictions about future Derbys.

With interest in the occult on the rise, it is now becoming a status symbol to be considered psychic, though Eric Shipton, England's most respected living mountaineer, recalls a run-in with a psychic dating back more than 25 years. It was shortly after World War II, he noted recently, that he was introduced to a young soldier from south Wales. Shipton was asked to escort the young man around the Alpine Club in London, where a number of Tibetan paintings were on display. Shipton, who was then president of the club, became mildly irritated when the boy insisted that there were "auras" in the paintings that he alone could see.

"I thought he was putting on a performance since he had a reputation for being 'a sensitive,'" says Shipton. "Finally I went into the inner room and brought out George Leigh Mallory's ice ax, which we had found some 1,400 feet below the summit of Everest in 1933—about nine years after Mallory and Andrew Irvine had disappeared without a trace during their assault on Everest. Without mentioning either Mallory or Everest, I handed him the ax and said, 'What do you make of this?'"

"I think I should say that as far as I could ascertain, the boy knew nothing about mountain climbing. I wasn't even sure he knew what an ice ax looked like. For a few minutes he said nothing, then he suddenly sank down on a settee and seemed to be undergoing some tremendous inner emotional stress. He began to shake as if with cold, but at the same

time he was sweating. I was still inclined to think he was putting on an act, but I must say I was taken aback by his first words. He gasped, 'Fifteen hundred feet ... to ... go.'"

"Now, I submit that Mallory would not have known at exactly what height he stood—that would have to be calculated when he came down—but it is reasonable to assume that Mallory, as far as he could judge, would have estimated himself to be about 1,500 feet from the summit. The ax was found at 27,600 feet, and Everest—as closely as we can calculate—is 29,000 feet. Either the boy was an incredible mountebank or he was reliving Mallory's last moments, equally incredible. My skepticism, which had dissipated somewhat, vanished almost entirely when the lad spoke again.

"He began to describe an obstacle that must be got over, the so-called 'second step,' in such minute detail that I was fairly staggered. My opinion was and is that he could not possibly describe this buttress unless he had, in fact, been there. He went on to describe his companion as a man of great athletic prowess. Irvine had, indeed, been chosen for the expedition because of his fame as an oarsman, for his physical fitness. Finally, the boy said there was a mist closing in that he could not see through, not so much an actual mist, I gathered, as a mist of time, which may have been the point at which Mallory lost consciousness.

"When the chap had recovered his composure somewhat, I led him into the inner room of the club, saying, 'In this room there is something closely associated with the owner of the object you have been holding.' Without a moment's hesitation, the lad walked up to the mantle and took down the letter Mallory had left behind at Camp Six, the only other relic we have from his ill-fated climb."

Mountains in general might have been designed in their solitary inaccessibility for spirits of the nether world. Ghosts range from mysterious lights flickering in the Brown Mountains of the Carolinas (said to be the ghosts of Indian maidens looking for their slain warrior lovers) to Tsali, a Cherokee brave who restlessly walks the peaks of the Great Smokies, and the Big Gray Man of the Cairngorms in the Highlands of Scotland, a phantom who has terrorized climbers for years, his noisy, gigantic footsteps unsynchronized with their own.

continued

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LAGUNA S-3

Shades continued

"Most mountaineers," said Shipton, "once they have reached a certain state of fatigue, sense a 'presence' near them. F. S. Smythe, who was part of the 1933 expedition, once broke a piece of mint candy in half and offered it to the 'companion' walking beside him, only to discover he was walking alone."

At Glamis Castle in Angus, Scotland, scene of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and birthplace of England's Princess Margaret, there are dark tales told of a sealed room behind which unimaginable horrors once existed, and a bloodstain that had to be hidden with new flooring because it would not wash out. Among the army of apparitions that stalk Glamis, flitting silently about the corridors and in dark stairwells, is the ghost of wicked Earl Beattie, who gambled in the tower with playing cards (the devil's bricks) on the Lord's Day. Beattie, it is related, took on the devil himself one Sunday afternoon when he could find no other

partner—and lost. To this day, say skittish servants at the castle, they hear the rattle of dice, the thud of heavy feet and cursing coming from the uninhabited, uninhabitable room.

In Ireland, where the younger generation tends to dismiss spectral goings-on as hogwash, their grandparents still build cairns for the "little people"—just in case. Resident ghost collector of Dublin, Patrick Byrne, in *The Second Book of Irish Ghost Stories*, directs human feet to the unholy activities at Glencarn, Sandycroft, County Dublin. It was there that American millionaire "Boss" Croker, formerly one of the chieftains of notorious Tammany Hall, built a chateau in which to retire, with 600 acres for his racing stables and stud.

Croker held sway over Irish racing circles about the turn of the century and no doubt reached the highest pinnacle of his career when his horse Orby won the English Derby in 1907. Boss Croker died

in 1922 at the age of 80, and stories persist that the Boss is a restless corpse. According to Byrne's account, he was seen as late as Christmas 1970 by a former servant named Bartle, who attested, "and I, seeing him plainly, usually at dusk . . . in the old frock coat he used to wear, too; white beard and all."

Said another of Croker's old retainers, "Mr. Croker haunts Glencarn, and several of us, myself included, have seen him. There is something on his soul. They said wicked things about him in my time, but to us, and to me, he was the perfect gentleman; plenty of money and fine horses he had." In one room the climate (temperature) gets very cold when the master is due to appear, another witness told Byrne. When Croker died he was buried in a grave overlooking his beloved acres. Some years back the grave was moved, an act of high-handedness the Boss probably resents.

It would be a toss-up as to which at-

The hiking specter of Pawleys Island in South Carolina walks the beach just before a hurricane strikes.



continued

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Shades continued

tracts the greater collection of phantoms, the mountains or the sea. Tale upon tale is told of ghostly galleons sailing with or without their skeleton crews, and persistent if insubstantial sailors and fishermen walk the wharfs, jump out of holds or bob around on life rafts, vanishing at the moment of rescue. Seamen are notoriously superstitious. "You want to know what a ghost sounds like?" asked a grizzled old captain of Nova Scotia's folklorist, Helen Creighton. "It sounds like somethin' knockin' on nawthin'."

At the Jamaica Inn in Cornwall, made famous by Daphne du Maurier in the novel of the same name, the lone figure of a sailor dressed in old-fashioned seamen's clothes has been reported by puzzled tourists. The sailor sits on the low wall outside the inn, never speaking or moving. The ghost's historian has tracked him back to a sailor who, at the end of the 18th century, got off one of the mail packet boats putting in at Falmouth and stopped at Mary's Bar for a drink. Called out of the bar, he put his half-finished pot of ale on the table and went out into the cobbled yard. In the morning he was found dead on the moor, his money gone.

"Many times," writes Jack Hallam in a book called *The Haunted Inns of England*, "the lonely sailor has been back to finish that drink, his ghostly footsteps stomping along the passage that leads to the bar, or moving about upstairs." What, then, is he waiting for on the wall outside the inn? One can only speculate that, with England's peculiar licensing hours, the thirsty sailor waits patiently, like most Englishmen, for the bar to open.

At The Belper Arms in Leicestershire, which will give you bed and breakfast, if you dare, resides one of the liveliest ghosts on record. For years the locals have called him Five-to-Four Fred, for that is when he arrives, unseen but indubitably there.

Fred is quite a sport, always out to "coop a feel," as the saying goes, and he gives ladies' faces a soft, affectionate caress as he passes. It ought to make up, but doesn't, for the sudden drop in temperature that occurs in spite of a room made warm by a blazing fire. As time goes on, Fred gets fresher, and at least one cleaning lady quit when an invisible hand slapped her across the flanny. Though Fred obviously loves the ladies, men are

continued



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I'm Bill Russell

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To save on Long Distance calls, put 'em through yourself.



anathema. Minding their own business over a pint, they suddenly feel cold, clammy hands pressed over nose and mouth in an apparent effort to suffocate them.

For ghost-conscious tourists, Jack Hallam, the level-headed picture editor of London's respected Sunday Times when he is not tracking down phantoms, has published an official *Ghost Tour*—with a map and explicit directions on how to get to any haunted site the length and breadth of England. Bone for bone, Britain probably rattles in with more documented ghosts than any other country. With good reason: the English have been documenting spirits back to Shakespeare and beyond. Other countries have ghosts of song and legend but, as with so many tales, they lose a bit in translation. The Jews have the dybbuk, really more demon than ghost—and surely Swedish or Slavic spooks abound. It's just that language barriers make these ghost stories harder to come by.

The Cheltenham racecourse at Prestbury is said to be haunted by a former Cheltenham trainer named Old Moses, and the ghost of the once-celebrated jockey Fred Archer has been reported a number of times at Newmarket, scene of his many triumphs, mounted on his favorite gray. Archer, in a moment of despair, took his own life. Since then his ghost is said to be responsible for unexplained mishaps during races when horses swerve or stumble for no apparent reason. Two ladies leaving the track some years ago said they saw a strange-looking jockey riding toward them and later identified him as Archer from a portrait hanging in the clubhouse.

At Brooklands in Weybridge, Surrey, a motorcycle racer named Percy Lambert was thrown to his death when a tire burst in the course of a competition. An earlier cyclist named Herman had crashed fatally on the same track about 1907, and now when night-shift workers in the area report seeing a misty figure in racing cap and goggles, they assume it is Lambert—unaware that it might be Herman, who, after all, has seniority.

Ghostlore is literally crammed with stories of animals, with and without heads, who have returned to stalk us. There are dogs, cats, rabbits, birds and one talking mongoose on the Isle of Man. The working horse pulls coaches, often with spectral hounds in its wake, and steeplechasers still frolic and jump on

moonlit nights, as does Kruger, it is said, a horse killed going over a jump in 1909 at the Hawthorn Hill course.

Football players, baseball players and tennis stars, once achieving the quiet of the grave, seem to stay there. No spirit of the links has been seen out there still trying to make that putt, but a lady ghost is said to be spotted from time to time gliding around the Upminster Golf Club in Essex. When the clubhouse was torn apart for reconstruction some years back, the skeleton of a lady, who for all anyone knows may have been the first golf widow, was found walled up in the building. Lane 17 of the Ambassador Bowling Club, also in Essex, was closed for a while when customers complained that an unseen hand was throwing balls down the lane, and at Chichester, a poltergeist who haunts the castle once threw a cricket bat into the pub.

In the center of Coventry where Lady Godiva took her ride—all too clearly in the flesh—two vacationing ladies were motoring down a road alongside an embankment that used to be the scene of a cycling track. The track went steeply and straight downhill toward a concrete wall that separated it from railroad tracks, with a curve at the bottom. As the tourists drove along in broad daylight, with nothing more occult on their minds than which Roman fortification to visit next, they were first amazed to see a cyclist riding hellbent down the embankment—and then terrified when he missed the bend and headed straight into the wall. Moments later, cyclist and bicycle lay smashed below.

The ladies drove off to the nearest police station to report the horrifying accident, but when police arrived at the scene there was nothing there. The newspapers picked it up and an elderly gentleman called in to say that around the turn of the century a cyclist whose brakes failed in the course of a race had lost his life in a similar manner. The ladies said nonsense, they could see him plain as day, wearing goggles, knickerbockers and a cloth cap.

Motorists around Markyate have frequently been startled to see the figures of two young men dressed in cricket uniforms standing at the roadside about five miles outside Luton where, in 1958, a bus transporting a cricket team home from a match was involved in an accident that proved fatal to two of the team's mem-

bers. By the time friendly drivers stop to offer the boys a lift, they have vanished. And in Whitby, Yorkshire, motoring can be even more of an adventure, for a poltergeist known as Hob causes travelers to skid into ditches, turns signposts around and lets air out of tires.

The poltergeist is defined as an invisible, mischievous, frequently malignant and always uproarious ghost who likes to hurl crockery across rooms, dump his victims out of bed and send furniture flying. Maple cites the case of a family that lived in a trailer with an uninvited phantom who "ran amok every night, terrorizing the occupants with fusillades of crockery and other flying objects and rocking the caravan until it all but fell off its wheels." When the Bible verses and prayers of a local priest failed to oust the lively spirit, a teen-ager tried his hand at exorcism. "It is evident that the poltergeist was not devoid of the finer instincts," writes Maple, "for whenever the boy sang hymns the disturbance subsided, but if he changed to pop tunes the poltergeist went absolutely berserk."

The Crown pub at Pishill near Henley entertains a ghostly fencing Jesuit named Father Dominique. Landlord John Davies has had two experiences with the ancient monk. Upstairs over the bar there is still a priest hole where clerics were forced to hide during the days when Elizabeth I was persecuting Catholics. Father Dominique, it seems, became enamored of a lady who frequented the place and subsequently died in a fencing duel protecting her name.

"Twice, when I have been upstairs in my rooms opposite the priest hole," said John Davies, "there has been a knock on the door. When I say, 'Come in,' thinking it's one of the locals, the door-knob turns slowly and the door opens slightly, but when I go to have a look, no one is there."

"Not long ago four of us held a seance in the room just outside the pub proper. We rested our fingertips on the edge of glasses on a table, and those glasses really took off. First we asked, 'Is there someone here?' The answer was yes. 'Is it Father Dominique?' Yes. 'Can we see you?' Yes. 'Where?' The glasses spelled out 'in the corner of the pub.' John Davies praised dramatically. Well? 'No one had the nerve to go have a look.'"

Father Dominique is considered a good and gentle ghost and no one minds

continued



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THE VOLVO 164

having him around," explained Davies. "Too bad he mucked up the fencing."

Years ago, at the Marine Grotto near Sunderland in the north of England, a landlord was drawing off a pint of ale when he heard a strange noise. He went to investigate, leaving the full tankard on the bar. On his return the pot was empty, although the bar was deserted. Since that day a full tankard, always the same one, is left on the bar at closing time, and various managers over the years confirm that it is always found empty each morning.

Many of the pubs in small villages have indoor skittle alleys. At the Holman Clavel Inn just outside Taunton, there is a rain pipe fastened to the wall alongside the alley that conveys the old wooden balls back to the player. The skittle alley has been there as long as anyone in town can remember and it goes full blast most evenings until closing time. What bothers tourists who rent the bedrooms above the pub is the sound of skittles be-

ing played at three o'clock in the morning. They complain of pins being scattered and balls clattering down the rain pipe. Said the barmaid, "It's our ghost, Charlie the Skittler." Whether Charlie plays a solitary game or has a companion no one knows, for the score is never posted.

Not far from Taunton is Winchcombe, in the heart of the Cotswolds, where the favorite game a century or so ago was not skittles but kackshins. Two players faced each other and placed their hands on each other's shoulders. The object was to kick each other's shins, guarding their own with their shoes, and often a second pair of shoes were called for, the first being kicked to pieces. Naturally, a town as old as Winchcombe, which still runs a hotel 800 years old, has its array of shink-kicking ghosts.

Then there is Margaret's Hollow, named for a lady who is said to have been murdered there. Perhaps the killer escaped on a bicycle, for cyclists pedaling

along say they are compelled to get off and literally drag their machines through the hollow, someone or something holding them back. Nearby on the beach, at the edge of town, said a postman who was willing to talk of the 'auntings,' "a white 'orse prances under the full o' the moon." Had he ever seen it? "No," he confessed. "I've never been that drunk myself." And speaking of spirits, the happiest ghost ever reported was undoubtedly the phantom who used to haunt a cemetery until the local inhabitants, for some reason assuming he might be thirsty, poked a hole in his coffin and poured in a bottle of rum.

Legend has it that a ghost will not speak until it is spoken to, with the possible exception of the Talking Mongoose on the Isle of Man, which had the reputation of being a blabbermouth and was always butting in on live people's conversations until a fellow renting the haunted cottage—who didn't believe in ghosts—went out and shot it. **END**

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QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	35%
Brand A	14%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	3%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	13%
Don't Know	11%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	35%
Brand A	13%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	6%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	3%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	2%
Other Brands	6%
Don't Know	8%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

For the second consecutive year, one of the best known research firms in America conducted a study of independent TV service technicians' attitudes toward brands of color television. And again Zenith was the number one brand named in answer to each question, as shown in the charts. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV service technicians themselves in April, 1972, and again in April, 1973, in more than 170 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

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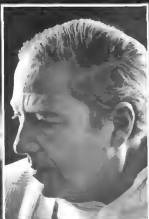
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KING NATE

Sirs,

Barry McDermott's article *Tiny Does Fly By* (Issue Oct. 15) was about as together as Nate Archibald is in his life—on and off whatever court, an NBA floor or a playground in the Bronx. In the world of pro basketball Archibald is truly king of Kings!

RENE WATKINS

Menasha, Wis.

Sirs,

The article on Nate Archibald was quite beautiful and took me on a reading experience down roads I never before had traveled. Barry McDermott wrote of reality. Congratulations on the purest article ever written in SI.

HUNTER JACOB

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs,

Congratulations on your fine in-depth article on Nate Archibald. However, I have to correct your statement, "ALUTEP he never averaged more than 16 points a game."

In his junior year Archibald averaged 22.4 points per game. In his senior campaign Tiny averaged 21.4 points per contest, led the Miners to the Western Athletic Conference title and was a unanimous all-conference selection. Under Head Coach Don Haskins, Archibald was not called upon to score big; defense was the name of the game.

BOB NITZMANN
Sports Director
KFLP-TV

El Paso

Sirs,

Nate (Tiny) Archibald is indeed living proof that a good little man can beat a good big man. Archibald has already established this fact by his amazing accomplishment in 1972-73 when he became the only player ever to lead the NBA in scoring and assists in a single season. Well do I remember Tiny when he performed with the Cincinnati Royals before the club was transferred to Kansas City-Denver. We miss Tiny here in Cincinnati, but I for one am still following his good fortunes with the Kings. Here's wishing this little man continued success in a big way.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

CHANEY'S TURN

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your pro basketball issue. Your articles on Tiny Archibald, season previews and pro referees showed excellent perception. I must take exception, however, to your grave disservice in all three

instances to Boston's fine guard Don (Duck) Chaney. In the Nate Archibald piece Chaney appears in a picture with Archibald and Boston's John Havlicek but is mistakenly identified as Paul Silas. The scouting report on the NBA's Atlantic Division mentions Chaney in an afterthought as "the other Boston guard", and in *"The Harbinger Accolade Is Silence"* an NBA coach is quoted as saying a referee shouldn't "care whether it's Oscar Robertson or Don Chaney he's making a call on." Chaney, a heads-up player who scores 13-plus points per game and who is, after Wali Frazier, second to none among NBA defensive guards, deserves a good deal more respect. I am sure he has Oscar Robertson's

ALAN PERRAUDT

South Weymouth, Mass.

Sirs,

I knew Don Chaney was underrated, but I didn't think it was that bad. Although he was overshadowed at Houston by Elvin Hayes and in Boston by John Havlicek, Jo Jo White and MVP Dave Cowens, Chaney is, in my opinion, one of the best guards in basketball. Excellent on defense, he is probably the premier guard at rebounding, both offensive and defensive. He is also very adept at driving in for layups, and he is improving on his outside shot.

I hate to disagree with you but let me be the first to say that the Boston Celtics are going to win all the beans in the NBA Atlantic this year, and Don Chaney will be a contributing factor. Look for Chaney to be on the All-Star team in the near future.

FRED WING

Boston

THE ABA LIVES

Sirs,

Must the fans of the ABA who still care to read SI endure another season of prejudiced professional basketball coverage? One becomes used to rifling through SI and finding action shots and articles only about NBA players. But then to read the subtle little posh shots at the ABA even when an ABA team had beaten a top NBA team is too much (*Champion of the Guards*, Oct. 15). In that same article Peter Carry made another typical comment when he wrote, "The ABA, in another try at making its inference, though rapidly improving game."

Did you happen to make note of the "inferior" league's record against the NBA in exhibition games this year? Let me at least review it for you. Of the 25 games played the ABA won 15 and lost 10. But then, the NBA was too busy taking the ABA "to school" to show them how superior they are,

weren't they? Come on. We know there are many improvements to be made, but please give credit where it is due.

MRS. WILLIAM AUSTIN

Indianapolis

Sirs,

Your choice of the Carolina Cougars as the ABA Eastern Division favorite couldn't have been more correct. A team with centers like Jim Chones and Tom Owens, forwards like Bill Cunningham, Joe Caldwell and Dennis Wayick and a super guard corps should win the ABA championship. But how about some color photos of such in the ABA? Caldwell and Julius Erving put on just as good a show as Jerry Sloan and Earl Goodrich.

ANDY HALL

South Boston, Va.

UNDERRATED REF

Sirs,

Peter Carry's article on basketball officials (*"The Harbinger Accolade Is Silence,"* Oct. 15) was beautifully done and long overdue.

Perhaps nothing would better indicate the importance of these men to the game—and to the real sports fan—than the reaction to an unfortunate theme we recently used in a newspaper ad in San Diego. The ad was intended to illustrate the close proximity fans have to the court in our tiny home facility, and the artist sketched a group of fans at court-side, showing one of them grinning devilishly as he tripped an unsuspecting ref.

It should be gratifying to Bob Bass of the ABA and John Neundorfer of the NBA to know that sports fans in the arena came down with both feet on the ad theme. The final humiliation came with the receipt of a letter signed by a dozen or more students in a La Jolla, Calif., elementary school, severely criticizing the ad concept. It was very encouraging, nonetheless, to see young people springing to the defense of men who are frequently castigated publicly by their elders. We offer a public apology to the sports fans of San Diego and to the referees, the most maligned men in our business.

AND DILEY
Media Relations Director
San Diego Conquistadors

San Diego

Sirs,

You quote Dolly Stark in your headline and identify him as a basketball official from another era. I know Dolly Stark was a basketball coach at Dartmouth and a baseball umpire in the big leagues. He made news in the mid-'30s by holding out on his baseball contract for \$10,000 a year. He said many colorful and truthful things deserving of quotation.

continued

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TEETH HOLE continued

ation. I forget how he made out in his strike for higher pay. But who is Dolly King? According to page 138 of your story, he also said, "The highest accolade is silence."

JOHN R. SCOTTFORD JR.

Hanover, N.H.

● It was Dolly Stark who said it (a printer's error made the transformation), but Dolly King may well have shared his sentiment. A graduate of Long Island University, where he was an outstanding basketball, football and baseball player, King officiated in many high school and college basketball games, most notably in the Eastern College Athletic Conference and the National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden. King also played some professional basketball, and at the time of his death in 1969 he was coaching the basketball team of Manhattan Community College, which he served as director of intercollegiate athletics and professor of student life.—ED.

RAMIFICATIONS

Sirs:

Tex Maule's article on the Los Angeles Rams (*Running to the Top*, Oct. 15) was excellent. I am glad that Chuck Knox and the Rams are finally getting the recognition they deserve as one of the surprise teams of 1973. I feel that Knox is able to motivate the team as his predecessor, Tommy Prothro, was not. He just may motivate the Rams all the way to the Super Bowl.

BOTTS CAVE

Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:

I was glad to see Tex Maule's article on the very deserving Los Angeles Rams. I must admit that after their 6-7-1 showing last year and their rather dismal 1973 preseason record, I was a little apprehensive. The Rams have made a believer out of me, however, and I think it is safe to say that before this season is over they will make believers out of a lot of other people.

DAVID HEYEN

Woodland Hills, Calif.

RACING'S DILEMMA

Sirs:

Thank you for Robert F. Jones' article about the U.S. Grand Prix (*There Are Two Kinds of Death*, Oct. 15). His sensitive report most fully and accurately describes the emotions of those of us who were at trackside.

Not having been a witness to François Cevert's tragic crash, I was deeply saddened when his death was announced just prior to the Formula B race on Saturday. I had hoped to see Jackie Stewart win his last race on Sun-

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15TH HOLE

day, and then retired. Jackie did not know that I still am glad he has retired. Stewart still has much more to racing than a driver's hard work and sometimes unpopular views regarding driver and spectator safety are well documented. It could be most depressing to lose Jackie in a crash, as we have so many outstanding Formula 1 drivers in the past few years.

C. KENNETH WILSON

Scituate, Mass.

Sirs,

Robert Jones did well to consider and comment on the thoughts and feelings of Jackie Stewart, because the importance of Mr. Stewart to motor sports cannot be overstated. Thanks primarily to Jackie's noble efforts, Grand Prix racing today is infinitely safer than it has ever been. And Watkins Glen is widely considered to be the safest venue with the most professional safety personnel on the Formula 1 calendar. Still, as was so painfully demonstrated on that fateful Saturday, the sport retains its inherent dangers.

JOHN A. SCHNEIDER JR.

Bay Village, Ohio

SOONER SIGNPOSTS

Sirs,

First you imply that we Oklahoma University fans are more worried about our mascot than our football (*The Top 20*, Sept. 10). Then you say a 7-7 tie with No. 1-ranked USC, in which Oklahoma outplayed the Trojans all over the place, is "hardly billboard material" (*FOOTBALL'S WEEK*, Oct. 3).

When our No. 15 team ties our No. 2 team and then defeats Texas, our No. 1 team, that is billboard material!

BRIAN CONRAD

Stinger, Okla.

INDEPENDENT

Sirs,

As an alumnus of Colgate, I enjoyed your article on Tom Parr (*No Breaking This Part*, Oct. 15). In this age of big-time oversophisticated college football, how many quarterbacks of Parr's stature have had to re-enact a college?

Interestingly, in SOONER SIGNPOSTS the same issue you mention Michigan State and the low percentage of student athletes who graduate with their class. We all have read of other college football teams where "no-shows" at graduation time are the rule and not the exception.

Hopefully Parr will have an outstanding season. Whether or not he makes All-America remains to be seen. If he falls short, he will be in good company. Colgate's Mary Hubbard, now of the Oakland Raiders, missed getting All-America honors too!

JOHN F. MOYSEWICH

Pittsfield, Mass.

FANATICS

Sirs,

It is absolutely incomprehensible to me that any sports fans could be as rotten as those of the New York Mets. Their actions in the National League playoffs speak for themselves (Sept. 20 and Oct. 22). It was bad enough that someone in the left-field stands threw a whiskey bottle at Pete Rose, but when the wives of the Cincinnati Reds had to be escorted from the stadium it was too much to believe. When innocent people are threatened with physical violence, something should be done. I sincerely believe the New York organization should be fined a minimum of \$250,000.

JOHN J. PAVLIN

Salt Lake City

HOT STOVE STUFF

Sirs,

Strike One against divisional baseball! It is a shame that the representative of the National League in the World Series had to be a team of the caliber of the Mets, whose principal consistency over the past few seasons, including 1973, has been inanity mediocrity.

A five-game playoff does not make a season and, please, let's not hang on the plethora of injuries to Met players during the year. Cincinnati lost a potential 20-game winner (Gary Nolan), an excellent outfielder and offensive cog (Bobby Tolan) and a very good shortstop (Dave Concepcion). The team played with a below-par Johnny Bench (his part of the season and still it managed to win almost 100 games! The Reds' record and line season deserved a better fate).

GREG K. FRY

New York City

Sirs,

It seems that the Big Red Machine has had a problem winning the big game of the big series. Unquestionably, the Cincinnati Reds were underdogs in 1961 when they lost the World Series to the Yankees in five games. They were slight favorites in 1970 when they lost the Series to the Orioles, again in five games. Last year, although they were extremely fortunate to get by the Pirates in the National League playoff, they were definite favorites going into the Series. But, alas, they lost to the Oakland Athletics. This year, after a fine season record, the Reds found the Mets too tough to handle in the short playoff and again dropped by the wayside. Is all this a testament to the fact that the Big Red Machine has an automatic transmission, i.e., no-clutch?

R. A. GILBERT

Warren, Maine

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